

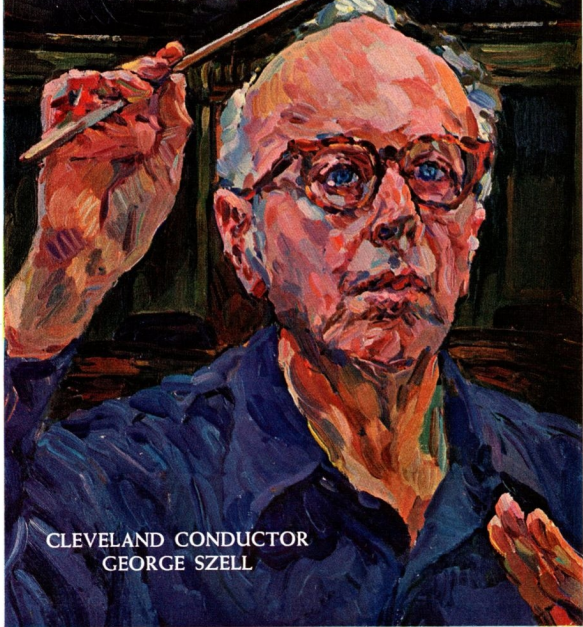
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

FEBRUARY 22, 1963

AMERICA'S GREAT ORCHESTRAS

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWS MAGAZINE



CLEVELAND CONDUCTOR
GEORGE SZELL

HENRY KORNBLUTH

VOL. LXXXI NO. 8

(WEEKLY U.S. POST OFFICE)



CORVAIR MONZA

goes around curves like a corner in town

The '63 Corvair Monza will dig in and go through just about anything but your pocketbook, whether you're on maneuvers in the country or just making the rounds in town. It delivers more traction because the engine's in the rear (and this makes steering feel a lot lighter, too). Another nice feeling: the bumps don't get past Corvair's stable independent suspension with a husky coil spring at each wheel absorbing anything a road can throw at it.

In fact, all you ever do feel is great. Practical, too, because Corvair's air-cooled six-cylinder engine needs no water or antifreeze, and its self-adjusting brakes save you time and money. There just isn't another production car made in this country quite like Corvair. Try it at your Chevrolet dealer's just for fun. That's what we built it for! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich.



Shown above is '63 Corvair Monza Club Coupe; below is the '63 Corvair Monza Convertible; both have optional extra-cost outside rearview mirror.



Betty Skelton (above) is internationally famous as a pilot and car driving record holder, but she still appreciates how the Corvair turns heads as readily as it handles

curves, how it runs up hills but not upkeep bills, and the way it parks so easily. Cross-town or cross-country, a Corvair Monza can brighten every corner in your day.



The woman whose
comings
and goings are
a matter of
public record

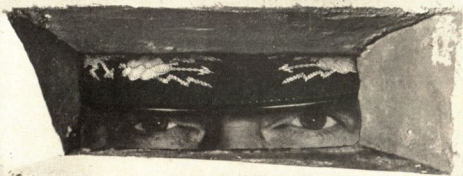
spends her days in
this three-part silk costume.

Harwyn shapes it crisply—
in navy or in Dior blue striped
with white, sizes 12½ to 22½.
50.00 in the Women's Dress Shops
at all Lord & Taylor stores

Lord & Taylor

Hood.

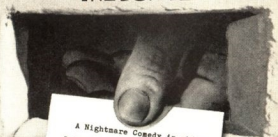
PETER SELLERS GEORGE C. SCOTT
STERLING HAYDEN KEENAN WYNN



STANLEY KUBRICK'S

DR. STRANGELOVE

OR:
HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING
AND
LOVE
THE BOMB

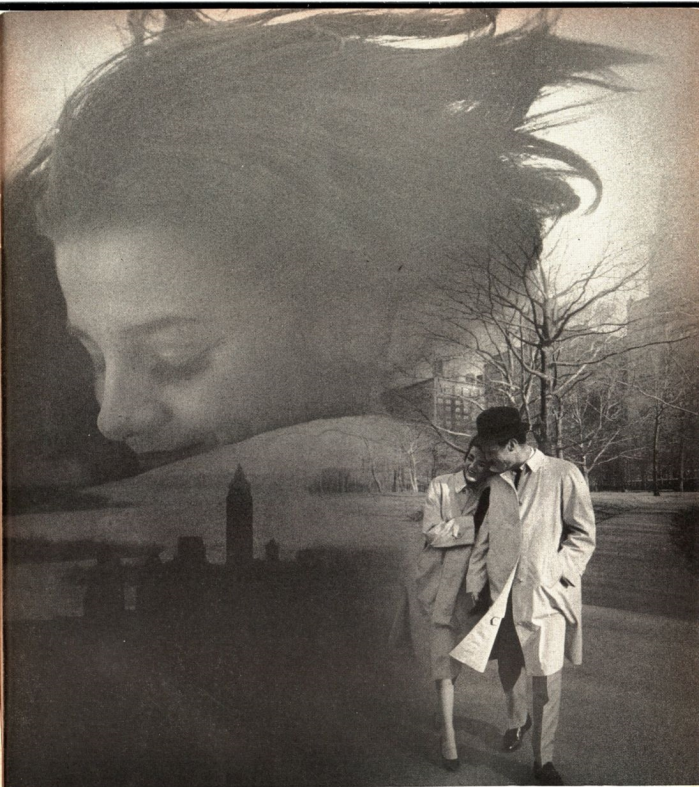


A Nightmare Comedy in which a psychotic Air Force General triggers an ingenious, fool-proof and irrevocable scheme, unleashing his Wing of B-52 H-Bombers to attack Russia.

The President of the United States, unable to recall the aircraft, is forced to cooperate with the Soviet Premier in a bizarre attempt to save the world.

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Follow your impulses. London Fog lets you. Lunch somewhere posh or have pizza in the park. Ride a sleek Rolls or scooter tandem down the Avenue. Sing in the rain or watch sunsets somewhere over the Rainbow Room. Play it by ear. That's the romance and common-sense of wearing a London Fog Maincoat. A hundred tailor's secrets keep it urbane all day, right-looking anywhere. And that's why, heaven knows, anything goes.

His: The London. Hers: The Duchess. Each in water-repellent Dacron and cotton Calibre Cloth*, \$22.50. **LONDON FOG**
Baltimore 11

The night that saves a day

Only Swissair offers you convenient nighttime departures that jet you to Zurich or Geneva in time to talk business the following morning. SWISSAIR

✈ For information or reservations, see your travel agent or Swissair. Offices in principal cities.



REVOLUTIONARY NEW BFG TRUCK TIRE AVERAGES 32.1% EXTRA MILEAGE

This is the new BFG Extra Miler that went through a million miles of testing at the world's longest tire test track in Pecos, Texas. With its new 3-rib tread design and SUPER-SYN — a dramatically new and tougher rubber — the Extra Miler averaged 32.1% more mileage than the next best original equipment truck tire tested!

One close look at the massive 3-rib tread design of this new tire tells you why it's called the Extra Miler. Each broad rib puts more rubber on the road to give greater resistance to wear. BFG's new SUPER-SYN rubber in the tread compound gives it greater toughness than ever before possible. Notice the new "H" tread pattern. Wet pavement tests prove you get 22% more traction and 17% more skid resistance. Fleet owners

who tested this tire in actual service for more than 100 million miles report: More mileage, even wear, no problems. Yet the Extra Miler costs no more than other original equipment truck tires! See the Extra Miler soon at any nearby BFG retailer, listed under Tires in the Yellow Pages. Test it in replacement service, and you'll specify it when you buy new equipment. The B.F. Goodrich Company, Akron 18, Ohio.





Owner and Builder, White Post Realty Corporation; Architect-Engineer, Crinnion and Crinnion; Mechanical Contractor, Acme Air Conditioning Co.

PROBLEM:

Provide year-round heating and cooling for bowlers at PEL-PARK LANES, Bronx, New York

Here's a luxuriously appointed bowling alley where patrons enjoy ideal comfort in every season — at minimum cost to the owners.

Six York SUNLINE Rooftop Air Conditioners provide both heating and cooling for the six zones in this modern building. Roof-mounted, these compact, all-in-one York units require no floor space, no engine room, no dropped

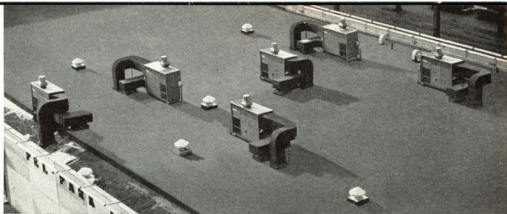
ceilings to accommodate equipment. A simple duct system distributes the tempered air to ceiling diffusers in the various parts of the building.

All-season comfort! The York SUNLINE units provide gentle, even, automatic gas heating in cold weather . . . crisp, dry cooling in summer. And they continue to provide cooling when heavy occupancy raises the indoor temperature—even when the outside temperature is below freezing!

SOLUTION: YORK SUNLINE heat, cool,

Operating cost is low. Because each zone at Pel-Park Lanes has its own York SUNLINE unit, only the areas in actual use are heated or cooled. The individually controlled units are shut down during periods of partial occupancy, resulting in greatly reduced costs. Only at peak periods are all six units in operation.

When you plan air conditioning for any single-story commercial or light industrial building . . . a store, shop or office . . . plan ahead with York! For over 75



Units may be installed anywhere on the roof, not necessarily over the conditioned space; may also be located on the ground, outside of building.



Each of the York SUNLINE Rooftop units provides heating or cooling for a specific zone; lounge, for example, is cooled or heated only when occupied during late afternoon or evening hours.

ROOFTOP AIR CONDITIONERS that ventilate...take no floor space!

years, York has set the pace in raising comfort standards for home, business and industry. Just ask your architect or consulting engineer for complete information on the SUNLINE Rooftop Air Conditioners; or write York Cor-

poration, York, Pennsylvania. Get complete facts on the York Certified Maintenance Program, and the York Lease Plan that lets you install air conditioning now, without capital investment.

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Subsidiary of Borg-Warner Corp.
YORK, PENNSYLVANIA

THE QUALITY NAME IN AIR CONDITIONING AND REFRIGERATION



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Drive in air cooled comfort! Ask your car dealer for information on automobile air conditioning, powered by the famous York Compressor.

Power-Twist™

brightest
fluorescent
light bulb
in the world!

fits all
existing
fixtures

New! The spiral configuration of POWER-TWIST produces the longest and most powerful arc stream...creating the greatest excitation of phosphors ever achieved inside any fluorescent light bulb. This new Duro-Test design gives you the world's brightest fluorescent light bulb, *plus* long light life, unconditionally guaranteed for two full years.

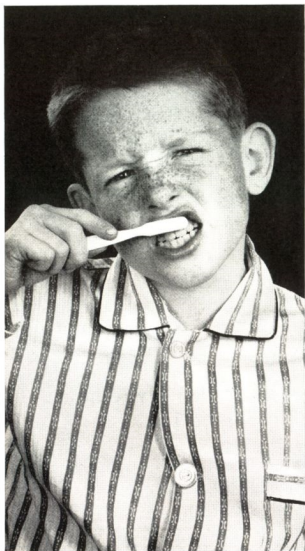


For full details and literature, write Dept. D8

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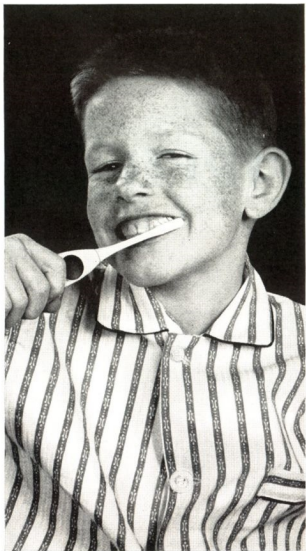
Design, shape, chemical formulae, and mechanical and manufacturing processes
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Is your son the "once-over-lightly"
type of toothbrusher?

Does he give his teeth a "lick and a promise" instead of a thorough cleaning? If he's this type, he'll brush his teeth *better* with BROXODENT, the automatic-action brush for teeth and gums from Squibb,

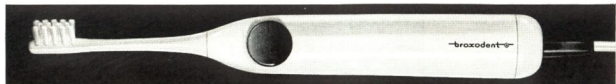
leader in dental research. BROXODENT brushes gently *up-and-down*—120 times a second. Dislodges even tiny food particles, refreshes gums, leaves mouth feeling tinglingly clean. Constant power



Whatever his type, he'll brush his
teeth better with Broxodent

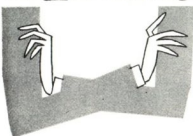
—no batteries to run down. BROXODENT was tested 4 years in dental clinics. Ask your dentist about BROXODENT. With four different colored brushes. Extra brushes available. At your druggist's.

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Arms folded? Sure! No need for constant steering—the automatic pilot in your Piper® does it for you. No accelerator, no constant braking either. Fold your arms, cross your feet. Relax!

Yes, flying by Piper is very relaxing, and so often it's the fastest way to get from where you are to where you want to go. You leave on your own schedule, fly direct, usually non-stop... up to 1600 mile range and 200 mph cruising speed.

Relaxing, fast... and fascinating. While many Pipers are purchased out of sheer necessity to speed business travel, those who use Piper transportation find that business travel suddenly becomes pleasure travel. The sense of accomplishment and the never-ending fascination has a therapeutic benefit that matches the relaxation of a round of golf.

Easy, too. In as few as eight lessons you can be flying a Piper. (You learn to fly FREE, if you buy a Piper.) And not expensive. Piper prices start at \$5495, as little as \$1099 down. Why not see your Piper dealer (listed in the Yellow Pages) for more information? Or send for details.

*All AutoFlite models of the Piper Aztec, Apache, Comanche, Cherokee and Colt have automatic flight as standard equipment.

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including catalog of 1963 airplanes.

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MORE PEOPLE HAVE BOUGHT PIPERS
THAN ANY OTHER PLANE IN THE WORLD

TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Son of Flubber. It's that man again—Neddie the Nut, that is. Remember him? In *The Absent Minded Professor*, the nuttiest science-fiction farce of recent years, Neddie (Fred MacMurray) invented "flubber"—lab gab for flying rubber. In *Professor* the professor put flubber in a flivver and flew. In this picture he turns flubber slubber into flubbergas and starts blowing flubbles. Infantile? Absolutely. But fun.

Term of Trial. Sir Laurence Olivier and Simone Signoret, cast as the Mr. and Mrs. Chips of a milltown slum, memorialize an appalling marriage with charm and admirable finesse.

Love and Larceny. Vittorio Gassman, cast as a con man, is wacky and wicked in an Italian comedy that is ditto.

A Child Is Waiting. There are 5,700,000 "mental defectives" in the U.S., and this picture forces U.S. moviegoers to look them and their problems in the face. The theme is not pleasant, but the script (Abby Mann), the direction (John Cassavetes), and the principal performances (Burt Lancaster, Judy Garland, Bruce Ritchey) are honest and moving.

Days of Wine and Roses. Drunks are bored, but Jack Lemmon, wry on the rocks, is one of the most entertaining fellows who ever said cheers when he meant booze, and this is the best picture about alcoholism since *The Lost Weekend* (1945).

The Bad Sleep Well. A thriller of considerable social significance in which Japan's Akira Kurosawa examines with ferocious irony and some exaggeration the motives and the operations of Big Business in Japan.

Night Is My Future. Sweden's Ingmar Bergman has long since fallen out of love with love, but in 1947, when he made this burningly romantic little picture, he could still tell a simple tale of man and maid, and tell it with all his art.

TELEVISION

Wednesday, February 20

CBS Reports (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).^{*} Part 1 of a two-part series on the Supreme Court, including readings by Carl Sandburg, Mark Van Doren, Archibald MacLeish and Fredric March from landmark decisions.

Thursday, February 21

Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic in Japan (CBS, 8-9 p.m.). A repeat.

Premiere (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Ralph Bellamy, Bradford Dillman, Bettye Ackerman and George Voskovec are the guests in a drama called "Chain Reaction."

Friday, February 22

The World of Maurice Chevalier (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). A first-rate reconstruction of the 60-year career of France's finest performer, including some wonderful old film clips of Folies Bergère stars Mistinguette and Josephine Baker, plus bits from Chevalier's current U.S. tour.

The Jack Paar Program (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Now that Paar is rationed, he is

^{*} All times E.S.T.

concentrating his brew. Tonight's show features both Peter Ustinov and Shelley Berman.

Saturday, February 23

Saturday Night at the Movies (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). Charlton Heston as President Andy Jackson and Susan Hayward as his beloved wife Rachel in *The President's Lady*.

Sunday, February 24

The Problem of Water Is People (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). An NBC News Special on the nation's water problems. Guest star: the Colorado River.

Carol & Company (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Carol Burnett, who has escaped TV to go into the movies, returns for a special with Guest Robert Preston.

Monday, February 25

The Victor Borge Show (ABC, 9-10 p.m.). A special from Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall with French Mime Marceau and Pianist Leonid Hambro.

David Brinkley's Journal (NBC, 10-10:30 p.m.). An interview with Astronaut John Glenn.

Tuesday, February 26

Chef Huntley Reporting (NBC, 10:30-11 p.m.). American aid projects in India, with U.S. Ambassador to India Kenneth Galbraith.

THEATER

On Broadway

Natural Affection, by William Inge, is a sensual melodrama acted and directed with hypnotic and devastating force. The characters may not be the sort one would invite to dinner, but they involve the playgoer in their tawdry fates.

The Hollow Crown provides a right royal evening of dramatic readings by and about English royalty. A piano, harpsichord, and trio of balladeers lend period flavor to the pieces. Max Adrian has the most commanding stage presence among the readers, and Dorothy Tutin is lovely to look at.

An Evening with Maurice Chevalier. Close to 75. Chevalier has not stopped Father Time, but he certainly makes him blink. He is one of the last of the pure entertainers, aiming only to please, and he sings of his love affair with life.

The School for Scandal, by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, has all the style and elegance that one could possibly ask for in the restaging of this classic comedy. John Gielgud, Ralph Richardson, Geraldine McEwan and the rest of the cast are a school for splendor.

The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore, by Tennessee Williams, asks playgoers to contemplate the state of their souls at the moment of impending death. In this resonantly religious allegory, Hermione Baddeley is incontestably magnificent, and Mildred Dunnock, Paul Robbing and Ann Williams are quite splendid.

Off Broadway

The Tiger and The Typists, by Murray Schisgal, are both clever, two-character one-acters; the first concerns nonconformists who make strange bedfellows, the second a pair of office-worker mediocrities

MARCH 31, 1962...



ROYAL-GLOBE IS THERE



■ A glittering first-night audience moves down the aisles. The cacophony of instruments warming up is accompanied by the drone of a hundred animated conversations. At last, Max Rudolph rises to the podium. Holding his baton aloft, the distinguished Maestro plunges the great hall into silence. The premier concert of The Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra's 1962 season is about to begin. And Royal-Globe is there.

Although the renowned Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra is primarily an artistic enterprise, it represents an appreciable financial investment as well. That Royal-Globe has been selected to help insure this investment is a significant vote of confidence.

With an outstanding record dating back to 1845, Royal-Globe is one of the largest and most respected insurance organizations in the world. In the United States alone, Royal-Globe has 175 field offices and 18,000 agents, all eminently qualified to write insurance for every type of risk.

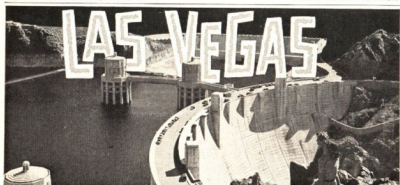
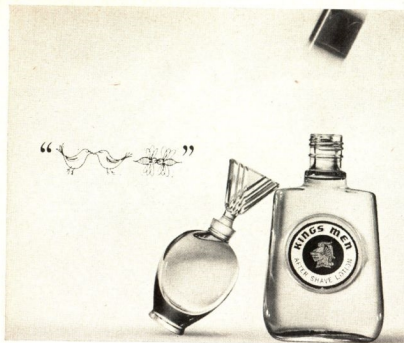
For intelligent protection, you would do well to see the independent agent who represents Royal-Globe!



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LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

whose lives dim out like light bulbs. Each is performed with personable flair by the skilled husband-and-wife acting team of Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson.

BOOKS

A Clockwork Orange, by Anthony Burgess. In the guise of a nasty little shocker about London teen-age terrorists in a hopped-up world this side of 1984, the author tells a morality tale about man's need for moral choice.

Best Sellers

1. **Fail-Safe**, Burdick and Wheeler (2, last week)
2. **Seven Days in May**, Knebel and Bailey (1)
3. **The Sand Pebbles**, McKenna (3)
4. **Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters and Seymour—An Introduction**, Salinger
5. **\$100 Misunderstanding**, Gover (5)
6. **A Shade of Difference**, Drury (4)
7. **Genius**, Dennis (7)
8. **The Cape Cod Lighter**, O'Hara (8)
9. **The Moon-Spinners**, Stewart (6)
10. **Ship of Fools**, Porter

NONFICTION



It takes a fine Italian hand.

ALITALIA MAKES AN ART OF SERVING YOU ON NON-STOP JETS TO MILAN AND ROME.

It took a fine Italian hand to discover America. Now Americans discover that's what it takes to make a trip to Europe perfect. Alitalia is a case in point. The service aboard is not just superb. There's a wonderful finesse about it that's distinctly Italian. The delectable meal. The perfect drink. Even the décor. You have the feeling it's not simply routine. It's art. The result — you arrive in Italy full of the Italian spirit, ready to comb the Vatican Museum, relax on the Via Veneto, or sight-see in Milan's Duomo before hopping on to the rest of the Continent's wonders. But it took a fine Italian hand to get you in the mood. Someone else who knows the art of serving you: your Travel Agent. Ask him about Alitalia's exciting Tours coming up this year. Every detail is arranged for you long in advance. All you do is relax and enjoy the trip. Sound great? Wait until you see how little they cost. And find out about Alitalia's Air-Sea tours, too.

ALITALIA 
AIRLINES

Serving 80 cities in 50 nations on all 6 continents.

**Good-bye
Butterfield...**

Good-bye BUTterfield, for digitize we must. Rand McNally, as a printer of telephone directories, naturally feels a pinch of sentiment as All Number Calling seems destined to banish forever familiar old exchange names like BUTterfield, PENnypacker, and KLondike. But Rand McNally is alive to the world's changing pace—a leader in specialized commercial printing and in book manufacturing for other publishers.

RAND McNALLY



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Serving America's schools, homes, commerce, and industry

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REPORT FROM MONACO



Ford premieres the Liveliest of the Lively Ones— new Command Performance Cars for 1963½

A new Royal Family of Fords has just made its bow before the car-wise audience that assembles each year for Europe's most famous road rally. The verdict: Vive la Ford! That regal roofline in the foreground (looks like a convertible but isn't!) crowns the new Super Torque Ford Sports Hardtop. Bucket seats are standard in XL models. Thunderbird V-8s

(to 425 hp) are sizzlers. At left background: the new Fairlane Sports Coupe offers choice of two V-8s for big performance, optional 4-speed stick shift and vinyl top. At right: the hot, new Falcon Hardtop that introduces scatback styling to the compact field. American premiere at your Ford Dealer's!

America's liveliest,
most care-free cars

PRODUCTS OF

MOTOR COMPANY

FORD
FALCON • FAIRLANE • FORD • THUNDERBIRD

Super sea-worthy! New 40 hp
Sea-Horse Electramatic motor



NEW!
2-year warranty
on every '63 Johnson

Built to boss big water!

Most responsive outboard ever built! Touch one lever—everything's "go"!

Move the directional throttle forward. Your clutch engages automatically, electrically—in a split-second. Simultaneously your engine accelerates. Johnson's exclusive Electramatic Drive gives you the fastest gears-and-gas control, the quickest response in all outboarding. And the king-sized cubic inch displacement ensures both effortless power and a long, happy engine life. For style, for stamina, for quick dig-out or for drive under load, this Sea-Horse Electramatic 40 is the finest motor at its size in the world. See all ten new Sea-Horse classics—from 3 to 75 hp. at your Johnson dealer's now. He's listed in the Yellow Pages. For free catalog, write: Johnson Motors, 1346 Pershing Rd., Waukegan, Ill. Div. of Outboard Marine Corp.

JOHNSON First in Dependability



Exclusive Electramatic Drive

Outboarding's first truly automatic transmission. Unique directional throttle (comes with motor at no extra charge) controls both gas and gears. Makes driving sure, docking easy. At 40 and 75 hp.

LETTERS

McNamara

Sir: Your cover and cover story of Feb. 13 show much understanding and feeling for the man, Secretary McNamara, and the job. I do not envy Secretary McNamara—decision making for the nuclear security of the world must present a tremendous burden—but I applaud him for his firmness and foresight.

THOMAS W. HAWKINS

Harbor City, Calif.

Sir:

Secretary McNamara should be reminded, before it is too late, that some problems are too complex and ill-defined for the electronic computer. In meteorology, for instance, we do not have sufficiently valid and powerful theoretical concepts to make the use of the computer meaningful, so it helps very little in weather forecasting.

The computer is only a very rapid calculating machine—it is not a substitute for artistic genius, scientific understanding, or informed judgment.

JOHN C. TALBOT

Los Angeles

Sir:

At a time when a "balance of terror" is, sadly, the only realistic solution to the problem of keeping the free world out of the shadow of Communism, each of us must surely sleep more easily knowing that McNamara is at the helm of the Defense Department.

EMILY COSTELLO ('65)

The College of St. Catherine
St. Paul

Le Grand Charles

Sir:

There seems to be a little confusion about De Gaulle.

In 1940 everybody fought to save his own skin: the English to save England, De Gaulle to save France—his alter ego, I can see nothing reprehensible today in his desire not to let himself and the French be pasteurized, sterilized and homogenized. Anyway, that's the way they feel about it.

OLGA GANNON

Van Nuys, Calif.

Sir:

Grandeur? What grandeur? M. De Gaulle mistakes height for depth. TIME confuses egomania with character.

De Gaulle's is the "greatness" of all petty and myopic troublemakers who can't see beyond their personal ambitions and/or the absurd glories of some man-made, artificially delineated space-on-a-map to the genuine glory: the ultimate unity of mankind. Spare us such self-appointed saviors.

CONRAD ROSENBERG

Philadelphia

Vim & Vigah

Sir:

We now know [Feb. 15] that U.S. Marine officers are as good men as their predecessors were in Theodore Roosevelt's day. But are Presidents?

Let's see whether President Kennedy can, in 20 hours, find forceful, effective means to: bust the trusts whose monopoly of labor threatens shipping, the space program and freedom of the press in the U.S. today; enforce the Monroe Doctrine; protect U.S. citizens who are kidnapped or robbed by foreign bandits, in or out of office. Teddy Roosevelt

could have handled all three jobs in the allotted time and had eight hours left to go fishing.

MILTON H. ANDERSON

New York City

Sir:

I am amazed by the amount of publicity given to the announcement that Attorney General Robert Kennedy and some others managed to walk 50 miles. In December 1925, Miss Eleanor Sears walked from Providence to Boston, a distance of 47.8 miles, in 10 hrs. 20 min.

I know because I walked with her. Miss Sears entertained me for dinner that evening, and I took her to the theater. Miss Sears knows her age better than I do, but she was then in her 45s at least, and could probably outwalk the New Frontiersmen today.

ALBERT P. HINCKLEY

Orlean, Va.

► *Sportsman* Sears, 81, hiked from Providence to her home in Boston five times in the '20s and '30s. Her record: 9 hrs. 53 min. in 1926.—Ed.

Sir:

Switzerland has no Marine Corps, but every Swiss soldier has to prove his physical fitness before his promotion to second lieutenant in a 65- to 70-mile hike up and down hill, carrying 35 pounds.

ROBERT U. VON ARN

Chicago

Bobby in Court

Sir:

I was plaintiff's counsel and argued for him in the Georgia County Unit case heard in the Supreme Court on Jan. 17. Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy did not read a prepared brief when he appeared before the court in the case, as stated in your issue of Jan. 25. The Government's brief had been filed with the court in advance, as customary. The Attorney General delivered an oral argument without any notes, and responded to questions from the court.

MORRIS B. ABRAM

New York City

Defense of the Academies

Sir:

A few hours prior to reading your Feb. 8 article concerning David Boroff's latest at-sea academy education, I attended a luncheon for U.S. Naval Academy classmates in the Washington area, my last such reunion before leaving for naval-attaché duty in Moscow. I came away from this luncheon very much impressed with what my classmates had accomplished and become

since graduation. Almost without exception, we have done postgraduate work in subjects ranging from naval ordnance to international relations, and we occupy positions of responsibility both ashore and afloat. Judging from this sampling of men subjected to an education "so full of narcissistic preening" that it may be too unreal for the real world, I would venture to say that were the products of our civilian educational institutions as aware of the political, economic and sociological realities of today's world, we might not have to keep leaving our families to put out fires all over the globe.

SUMNER SHAPIRO

Lieutenant Commander, U.S.N.
Kensington, Md.

Sir:

As ardent knaves, my fellows and I grovel between earth and heaven in search of *le juste équilibre*. The late William Faulkner told me last year that to learn about people and life and oneself, one must not close himself in a tower of pure concepts, but must walk in the marketplace among the realities of existence. A noble goal, and a difficult one, necessitating much preparation. West Point has prepared me, as could no other institution, to walk in that marketplace with dignity and courage and honesty and pride, with compassion and with humility.

CADET JOSEPH C. ZENGERLE III

U.S. Military Academy
West Point, N.Y.

"Rather Boring"

Sir:

As students of Clemson College, we would like to commend TIME Magazine on its handling of the integration story about Mr. Harvey Gant [Feb. 8].

However, it was not the presence of "150 law enforcement officers in the area," nor was it President Edwards' plea to the students to avoid "Old Miss hoodliganism" that brought about peaceful integration in South Carolina's first integrated public school.

It was simply a case of college students, men and women, realizing their responsibility to themselves, their families, South Carolina, the United States and the free world in general, that made this move possible, peaceful and, as one news commentator said, "rather boring."

JOHN F. SCARLETT

FRED L. WALLACE

Clemson College
Clemson, S.C.

Florida Package

Sir:

For your information, Northeast Airlines has not canceled its package-tour program to Florida as reported in your Feb. 8 article on the New York newspaper strike. On

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Northeast Airlines
Boston

► TIME should have said that Northeast canceled its most ambitious package-tour idea. Since the strike cut off advertising, the plan was put off.—Ed.

Einstein on Taxes

Sir:

I was interested in the article on taxes [Feb. 1] in which it was pointed out that "the late great Albert Einstein once admitted that figuring out his U.S. income tax was beyond him—he had to go to a tax consultant." "This is too difficult for a mathematician," said Einstein. "It takes a philosopher."

From the time Professor Einstein came to this country until his death, I prepared his income tax returns and advised him on his tax problems. However, contrary to the statement that you quote, at no time did he allude to me as a philosopher.

One year while I was at his Princeton home preparing his return, Mrs. Einstein, who was then still living, asked me to stay for lunch. During the course of the meal, the professor turned to me and with his inimitable chuckle said: "The hardest thing in the world to understand is income taxes." I replied, "There is one thing more difficult, and that is your theory of relativity." "Oh, no," he replied, "that is easy." To which Mrs. Einstein commented, "Yes, for you."

LEO MATTERS DORF

New York City

Homecoming

Sir:

In a time when so many unkind (perhaps both deserved and undeserved) things are being said about Mississippi, I welcomed your coverage of Miss Leontyne Price's homecoming concert in Laurel [Feb. 8]. I wish you could have given it more space, because it was one of the finest examples of love and fellowship ever expressed among the races. We white people were only too glad to sit on the aisle floor to hear this gifted and great person return home and sing to us all. She not only received ovations; she brought tears to our eyes, and none of us, either colored or without color, could care less about Miss Price's color or her fame.

(THE REV.) HOWARD B. KISHPAUGH

Rector

The Episcopal Church of the Mediator
Meridian, Miss.

One Man's Religion

Sir:

In the Jan. 18 issue you listed the religious affiliations of the members of the 88th Congress. You cited that there is a "Schwenkfeldian" in Congress.

I am the member to whom you referred. However, we are usually referred to as "Schwenkfelders." As a matter of interest, we have a monthly publication that is called the *Schwenkfeldian*.

The original Schwenkfelders were a group of religious exiles who were greatly influenced by the writings and teachings of Caspar Schwenkfeld, a contemporary of Martin Luther. They moved from Germany to Holland at the time of the religious persecutions in Germany. After spending some years in Holland, the group decided to go on to America to obtain their freedom to worship God as they pleased. They sailed across the Atlantic on a ship called the *St. Andrew* in 1733 and landed in Philadelphia. The Schwenkfelders

disembarked and subsequently settled in that area. Our Schwenkfeld Church now has about 2,000 members, with five separate churches all located in the Montgomery County-Philadelphia area.

RICHARD S. SCHWEIKER

House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

Annabella

Sir:

I want to thank you very much for the nice words you had for me in the Feb. 8 issue of TIME (I never miss one).

But there are two little "items" I want to bring to your knowledge:

I never gave up my real, legal name of Annabella Power. That name meant a lot to me 23 years ago, and it still does, just as much, today.

And I think that 51 years old is more than enough . . . without adding two more years!

ANNABELLA POWER

Paris

Baby Boxes

Sir:

No "box-bred babies" for us [Feb. 15]. Our nine-month-old son is exceedingly active in spite of his "confining" clothes, and he rather enjoys playing and pulling himself up on his "prisonlike" crib bars.

What happens when, at the age of two, a child has to come out of his box and face a world of clothes, germs and biting winter winds? Will it not be a great psychological trauma? And will a mother suddenly stop loving her child when, after two years of little work, she must start washing and ironing his clothes?

I admire Mr. Skinner as an experimental psychologist, but he should confine himself to rats and pigeons, and leave children to their mothers' care.

MRS. JAMES J. O'ROURKE

Atlanta

Horrorshow Kniggy

Sir:

Your translator makes one error in *nadsat* (i.e., teen) jargon in his review of Anthony Burgess' *A Clockwork Orange* [Feb. 15], when he explicates the *lewdies* as the old.

As any student of *nadsat* (or of Russian) should recognize, the *lewdies* are simply people; the old are *darys*.

Otherwise, a *horrorshow kniggy* of more than *horrorshow kniggy* [book].

ANTHONY BOUCHER

Berkeley, Calif.

A Dog's Life

SIR:

LAST NIGHT I DROPPED WOODY ALLEN [FEB. 15] INTO A BOWL OF WATER AND MY CHIHUAHUA DRANK HIM. PLEASE ADVISE.

JACK DOUGLAS

NEW YORK CITY

Let us get the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

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J. N. Andrews (center) gets a full, first-hand report on the insurance program of Packaging Corporation of America. John Doherty (right) represents one of Employers Mutuals' 145 local offices. Bill Sallee, at the map, is the National Accounts Executive assigned to Packaging Corporation.



National Accounts executives get around! Here, Bill Sallee is at a pulpwood mill where he visits J. C. Morris, Senior Vice President of the Corporation's Paperboard Division. Bill's next Packaging Corporation call may be cross-country to another strategically located plant or mill.

PATCHWORK OR NETWORK? It's one or the other when the insurance plan must include 55 plants in 19 states

Wausau Story



by **J. N. ANDREWS**
*Executive Vice President,
Packaging Corporation of
America, Evanston, Ill.*

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*Here's the story of a Dallas foursome's weekend flying trip to Aspen.
Read about the fun they had...and the so-called "work" of getting there.
(You'll see that a Cessna makes that fun too!)*

It can be fun to spend a month or so planning a pleasure trip, but I've found my most exciting ones have been those which came up on the spur of the moment—like our trip to Aspen, Colorado. It began one Friday evening when my wife and I were having dinner with friends. Over coffee, I told about the new Cessna Skylane I bought and the great weekend trips we were taking in it. But Jim was as skeptical about weekend travel as about the convenience of having your own plane. He said a weekend isn't long enough to warrant "all the work of getting anywhere different." So I got the idea of the four of us flying to Aspen the next morning to prove both my points. Jim accepted my challenge, and I telephoned the weather bureau right then. When I learned the weather would be as good for skiing as for flying, I called The Aspen Meadows for reservations, and within an hour we were set to go!

At 7 a.m. Saturday, we met at Dallas Love Field. Jim loaded our baggage (plenty of room in my Skylane), and I filed a flight plan. By 7:15 we took off. At cruising altitude, I set the plane on automatic flight and settled down to enjoy the scenery. Jim was surprised at how little I had to do. He said it looked easier than driving; at least, certainly, not as tiring.



My Nav/Com radio system fascinated Jim. He knew it was used for ground communication, but he didn't know it can also perform navigation. So I explained that the government maintains many radio stations all over the country called "omni stations" because they continuously send out radio beams in all directions. To navigate, you simply tune in to stations along your route. The beam activates a needle on the radio set which then shows whether you're left of course, right of course, or directly on course. All you have to do is keep the needle centered. Easier than checking road maps!

To make flying even more automatic, I have Cessna's Nav-O-Matic 300, and when I explained that system Jim was really impressed. It's much more than an automatic pilot which keeps your plane flying straight and level. It couples with the Nav/Com system, and you dial a course to an omni station. Nav-O-Matic then automatically takes you to the station. With Nav-O-Matic doing the work, I was able to relax and enjoy the scenery along the way.

At noon, we flew over Aspen and got a good view of all the ski runs. (Cessna's 360° Omni-Vision—an all-around wall of big windows—is great for sight-seeing.) Then we landed at the Aspen airport. Jim looked at the time and calculated it would have taken us over 20 hours by car. And with the problem of schedules and connections, a weekend visit would have been impractical by commercial airlines. He laughed and admitted he saw my point about the convenience of flying your own plane.

A taxi sent by The Aspen Meadows was waiting for us, and in a few minutes we were checking in. Everyone there, from the manager to the bellboy, was so helpful it wasn't long before we were on our way to Buttermilk Mountain to ski.



We had lunch at the Cliff House at the top of Buttermilk Mountain. Good hot food; breath-taking view. (Jim, ever so casually, asked about the cost of flying a Cessna. He almost didn't believe me when I told him the total cost of the whole trip for the four of us would be considerably less than airline tickets alone.)

After lunch, we skied a couple hours. Then at the bottom we met Fred Iselin, the internationally famous skier and ski-school head, and he mentioned that professional races were taking place on Aspen Mountain. We hustled over there and caught the last half. It was a terrific race; the contestants were expert skiers from everywhere. After the race we tried out the Little Nell slope and then headed back to The Aspen Meadows for a hot bath and a rest before dinner.

The Copper Kettle, where we had dinner Saturday evening, was one of the finest restaurants we had ever visited. It features menus collected from all over the world, and it never repeats a dinner. Ours was national dishes from France which we thoroughly enjoyed.

Sunday morning we went out to Toklat Lodge where Stuart and Isabel



Mace keep over 80 Alaskan huskies and offer authentic dog sled trips into the surrounding mountain wilderness. (These are the people who furnished dogs, sleds, Eskimo drivers, and technical assistance for the Sgt. Preston of the Yukon television series, Walt Disney movies, etc.) We took a trip through Ashcroft Canyon, alternating for the fun of it between skiing and riding in the sled. At 11:30 a.m. we got back to the lodge, exuberant and starved. And to top off a good time, Mrs. Mace stuffed us with a delicious Alaskan lunch and hot, specially blended Toklat tea.

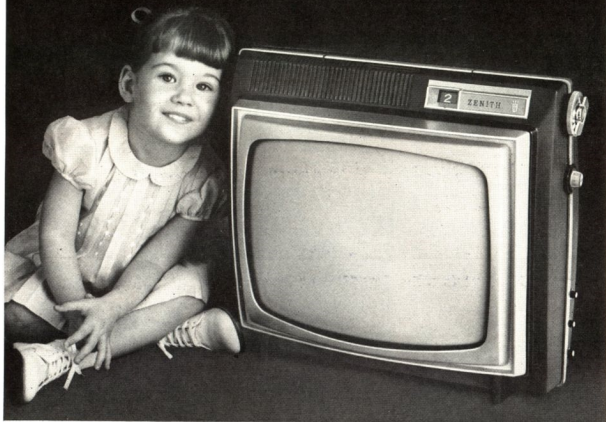


By 2:30 p.m. Sunday, we had checked out of The Aspen Meadows, loaded the plane, and were taking off for Dallas. I let Jim take the controls for a while so he could see how easy flying is even without automatic flight control. We were back in Dallas by 7:00 p.m., and by then Jim had caught the flying bug. I know because while my wife and I were having dinner Sunday evening, Jim called to find out about taking flying lessons. I told him Cessna dealers have special flight training programs to fit individual payment and time requirements, and he said he might just look into it. Man—I should have been a salesman!

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THE NATION

FOREIGN RELATIONS

When in "Due Course"

The U.S. photo reconnaissance jet swooped over Cuba, darted from point to point with whirring cameras. Offshore were four escort fighters, their jets snarling angrily, their young pilots spoiling for a fight.

On the ground, Soviet and Cuban crews scrambled for their antiaircraft missiles. Their radio network crackled alive—and the voices were heard in the U.S. planes, Cuban commanders pleaded for permission to shoot down the photo plane. But there were more authoritative voices, speaking in Spanish and Russian. "Hold your fire," they ordered. "Hold your fire. Don't shoot." The Cubans obeyed their Soviet masters and the U.S. planes, their mission completed, flew safely away.

All this happened just a few days ago. And it served to stress one of the most curious facts of the Cuba crisis: that though the Soviet missile buildup in Cuba brought the world close to war last October, the presence of Soviet forces there may now have some peacekeeping advantages. Continuing Soviet strength in Cuba makes U.S. photo flights necessary, yet it is Soviet authority that presently restrains Castro's trigger-happy gunners from trying to stop them.

This bewildering combination of circumstances has an inhibiting effect on U.S. policy toward Cuba. There are people in the Administration who regard the Soviet presence with some equanimity, and even argue that it is necessary to take Khrushchev's sensibilities into account, and to understand that having already lost face in the Communist bloc by his missile withdrawal, he cannot afford to lose more by pulling his troops out under U.S. pressure, Khrushchev promised



J.F.K. at Press Conference
Relaxed under fire.

to withdraw them in "due course," and last week President Kennedy instructed Ambassador Foy Kohler to find out, in no combative way, what the Russians regard as "due course." The Administration hopes that Khrushchev will eventually call most of his troops home on his own volition. But it is hard to see why he would, and the Administration is under mounting U.S. criticism for its failure to force Khrushchev out of Cuba.

President Kennedy conceded at his press conference last week that Soviet troops in Cuba are surely being used to train Cubans to export revolution and sabotage throughout Latin America. Moreover, by one White House estimate, at least 13,000 students from other Latin American nations are in Castro's Communist schools; about 100 graduate agents leave Cuba monthly to cause trouble back home. The tacit bargain with Khrushchev may have its advantages for the U.S., but it has them for Khrushchev too.

THE PRESIDENCY

"The Luxury of Dissension"

The night was cold, the sidewalks icy, but the unconcerned couple and their German shepherd pet strolled on. Other pedestrians, their faces buried in their coats, paid them little heed. How could they have known that Jack, Jackie and Clipper would be out walking the streets near 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue?

President Kennedy last week gave a relaxed impression. His Cuba policies were still under fire, and what to do about accommodating or getting around the bulky presence of Charles de Gaulle affected everything from the Common Market to NATO and nukes. But Kennedy moved cautiously and patiently, as if he had decided that there was nothing to be gained by haste.

Just Some Meetings. The President's top security advisers slipped into side gates at the White House, veered away from reporters and convened behind closed doors. On three successive days they discussed Europe's problems and their relation to the U.S. Emphasizing the prevailing informality, Presidential Press Secretary Pierre Salinger bristled at any suggestion that the meetings could be described as an urgent assembly of the executive committee of the National Security Council. "Just a series of meetings," insisted Pierre.

The list of conferees was impressive: U.S. Ambassadors David Bruce (to Britain), Walter Dowling (West Germany), Foy Kohler (U.S.S.R.), Secretary of State Dean Rusk, Former Secretary of State Dean Acheson, Special Trade Envoy Christian Herter, Vice President Lyndon Johnson. Whatever the tenor of their conversations, Kennedy indicated at a press conference that he was not planning

MANNED ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERIES IN CUBA

DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE





BOBBY ON THE TOWPATH

any drastic new U.S. action to patch up the alliance.

Life & Death. "I think that we have to realize that we are going to have disagreements," he said, as if trying to calm an unruly classroom full of impatient newsmen. "They go to the heart of the alliance and the purposes of the alliance. They all involve the security of the U.S., and those questions which involve disagreements on the atom are very important questions and there are bound to be differences of opinion. And there should be, because they involve life and death."

In a sense, he argued, such arguments among allies indicate that things are getting better. "There isn't as much of an overt Soviet military threat to Berlin now as there was some months ago. Whatever success we may have had in reducing the threat, of course, we pay for by increased problems within the alliance. But if the threat comes again, the alliance will join together. For the period now, we are enjoying the luxury of internal dissension."

As to whose finger, or how many hands will control the multinational nuclear force that the U.S. is now advocating for Europe, that too just needs working out. "It is a very difficult area because the weapons have to be fired in five minutes, and who is going to be delegated on behalf of Europe to make this judgment? If it isn't the President of the U.S., it will have to be the President of France or the Prime Minister of Britain or someone else. There is no answer which will provide reassurance under the most extreme conditions for everyone. We feel that, however, with what we now have and what we are ready to propose, carrying out the Nassau proposal, that additional assurances can be given which we believe—which we hope—will satisfy the Europeans."

Why Succumb? When disagreements in the alliance break out, Kennedy implied, it is not necessary for the U.S. to immediately reconsider its own policies. "Whenever the U.S. has a disagreement with a foreign country, it is a mistake always to assume that the U.S. is wrong, and that by being disagreeable to the



MARIN COUNTY STUDENTS NEAR THE FINISH
Hard on the heels of goldfish gulpers and hula-hoopsters.

U.S., it is always possible to compel the U.S. to succumb."

The President seemed to be saying that now was the time for the U.S. to move calmly but persistently in pursuit of its present policies, which didn't really need much changing, though the U.S. was always willing to listen to "any other proposals." The tone was a little defensive, though it was not complacent, as if more than excited concern were needed to produce those other proposals. In the normal go-go of the New Frontier, this was quite a change.

Hit the Road, Jack

In at least one way, John F. Kennedy had the country moving again. And the result was sore feet.

The President had offered his challenge to the Marine Corps: match the Marines of 1908 by marching 50 miles in 20 hours, according to the terms of an old Teddy Roosevelt order. The Marines responded. And so, it seemed, did everyone else who could muster up the same kind of spirit it took to swallow gold fish, raid for panties or whirl a hula hoop.

Just to Loosen Up. At Camp Lejeune, N.C., the 34 marines designated officially by Commandant David Shoup to uphold the honor of the corps, took the 50 miles in stride. Led by Brigadier General Rathvon McClure Tompkins, 50, who still limps from an old shrapnel wound, all finished within the time limit, carrying 24-lb. combat packs. Tompkins finished ninth. Bachelor Lieut. Donald Bernath trotted in first—in 11 hr. 44 min.—just in time to keep a date with his best girl. At Great Lakes Naval Training Center, a contingent of marines managed to finish 53 miles, took exactly 20 hours to do it.

Predictably it was Bobby Kennedy, the Administration's touch-football quarterback, who took the field in defense of the New Frontier's own honor. Rousing four Justice Department aides out of bed to accompany him, the Attorney General and three dogs set out at 5 a.m. along the towpath of the old Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. Where the path was not slick with ice, it was goeey with mud, but Bobby's scuffed Cordovan oxfords never faltered.



YOUTH ON THE MARCH

On he walked toward Harpers Ferry. Come on, beckoned Bobby, let's run a bit "just to loosen up." By the 35-mile mark, all four aides had dropped out, but Bobby completed the 50 miles alone in a respectable 17 hr. 50 min. And next morning he rose at 7:30, made it to 9 o'clock mass and then went ice skating with his children.

Like Stuffing a Booth. Across the country, the fad of fatigue took hold. Boy Scouts loved it, though their adult leaders seldom kept up. College fraternities took to it with the same gusto with which they once stuffed telephone booths. In California 400 Marin County high school students set out, and 97 finished—including 16-year-old Diana Congdon, who covets a place among lady discus throwers in the 1964 Olympics and who walked the 50 miles in 13 hr. 29 min., toting an 8-lb. knapsack filled with a diminishing supply of candy, oranges and fresh clothes. In Burlington, N.C., a 58-year-old postman (who rides a motor scooter on his route) walked the 50 miles in 10 hr. 28 min., boasted he could cut two hours off that time. Newspapers scrambling for a "bright feature" put their most athletic reporters on the road, though few finished 50 miles. One—the San Francisco Chronicle's Bob Robertson—managed 50 miles around the city's famed Scenic Drive, which the Chronicle thought should be renamed "Robertson's Track."

Plucky, Not Stupid. But not everyone was ready to tumble from his easy chair and into his hiking boots. A California radio announcer shunned the forced marches, made plans instead for a "restathon," vowing he would attempt 20 non-stop hours in the sack. Even psychiatrists got into the act. In San Francisco one shrugged that the hikers were merely seeking "ego boosters." "The one who does it can look down contemptuously on the one who can't," said he, looking down even more contemptuously.

In Washington even the New Frontier was beginning to back away from the fad it had fielded. The President's own Fitness Council warned of the dangers to the unaccustomed—perhaps even a heart at-

tack. That was enough for portly Pierre Salinger, who had promised he would carry the Administration's banner in a do-or-die walkathon with newsmen. Salinger canceled the hike, explaining: "My shape is not good. While this fact may have been apparent to others for some time, its full significance was pressed upon me as a result of a six-mile hike last Sunday. I have done little walking since then, except to go from my office to the White House dispensary." Pleaded Pierre: "I may be plucky, but I am not stupid."

THE CONGRESS

Packing Byrd's Nest

Several weeks ago, White House legislative aides began sounding out Senators about a hush-hush plan to pack Harry F. Byrd's Senate Finance Committee. The notion was to increase the committee's membership by adding two Democratic liberals, thereby enhancing the prospects for both the Administration's tax revision and medicare plans.

The first probings proved promising, so Democratic Majority Leader Mike Mansfield quietly spread the word that he would seek a favorable vote in the Democratic steering committee, which makes committee assignments. At this point, Byrd, who steadfastly opposes medicare and the Kennedy tax program, let conservative Senators know that he considered the packing plan a personal affront. One of his calls went to his good friend Richard Russell of Georgia, who predictably viewed the plan as an outright assault upon the traditions of the Senate and upon his Southern colleague. On such issues, Russell can usually deliver the entire Southern conservative vote. Nearly all of the Republican Senators could be expected to oppose the plan.

Last week the President threw in the towel. Just before the steering committee was to meet, Majority Whip Hubert Humphrey got a call from White House Aide Larry O'Brien. The fight had been called off, O'Brien said. Humphrey and other Senate liberals went ahead anyway, and lost in the steering committee by a vote of 10 to 5.

After Adam

Being a collection of mortals, some Congressmen are lazy or incompetent, others drink too much, some have a trained eye for a trim ankle, and a few are not overly honest. The House is generally tolerant of all such failings, which makes it all the more unusual that the House is actually trying to do something about Harlem's Adam Clayton Powell Jr.

Powell, 54, a ten-term Congressman, has long offended the more tender sensibilities in Congress. What really got Powell's colleagues aroused was the junket he took to Europe last August. He went ostensibly to study the labor situation, or the Common Market, or something. As it turned out, the trip involved considerable research in French nightclubs and sunbathing in Greece in company with two

young female aides. Powell's headline-making, who-cares manner of junketing called into criticism the whole system of congressional travels—and it was this that was not forgiven.

Since then the House has adopted rules tightening up on foreign travel, taking particular care to include Powell's Education and Labor Committee, whose members can go abroad only under special conditions, and then only at Government per diem expense rates. Now a group in the House Administration Committee is planning to cut deeply into Powell's request for \$697,000 to support his committee this year; this would be almost unprecedented, since a committee chairman's fund requests are generally routinely approved.



POWELL & WIFE IN PUERTO RICO
Absent but not forgotten.

House members are forbidden to attack one another personally, but Delaware's Republican Senator John J. Williams recently spoke for many of Powell's colleagues in a scorching denunciation of Powell on the Senate floor. Citing a federal grant of \$250,000 to a Powell-sponsored project to fight juvenile delinquency in Harlem, Williams declared that Powell "could well be recognized as an authority on 'adult delinquency,' but most certainly he is not the caliber of man whom the American people would want to set an example for the youth of our country."

"Demagogue & Playboy," Powell's record is a many-splendored thing. There is, for example, his Puerto Rican-born third wife, Yvette, 31, whom he married in 1960 when she was a \$3,000-a-year clerk on his staff. She is now on his payroll as a \$12,074 secretary, and still draws the salary though she spends almost all her time in their \$45,000 beach home in Puerto Rico. The Internal Revenue Service claims that Powell still owes \$41,015 in income tax and penalties for 1949-55. And Powell

is one of the House's most notorious absentees: he has responded on the average to less than half the roll-call votes over the last decade. All this has contributed to the feeling expressed last week by one disgusted colleague: "He is a demagogue, a high liver, a playboy and a charlatan." Said another: "I don't know exactly how you decide who's the worst Congressman, but Adam's certainly in the finals."

Yet even those who criticize Powell most severely admit that he has great talents which, properly used, could make him an outstanding legislator. Says one of his fellow committee members: "He's a charming man, enormously talented and able. He wanted to be a good committee chairman. I think he still does, but he has a low level of frustration. When things aren't going well, he'll just beat it."

Years of Persecution. Many trace Powell's unpredictable legislative behavior to his years of personal trial as No. 2 man on the Education and Labor Committee under North Carolina's Graham Barden. A chairman whose greatest pride came in the number of bills he could kill, Barden never concealed his racial antagonism, mercilessly cut Powell short in discussion, ignored him on every committee matter. Says a committee member who served under both Barden and Powell: "I wonder if a lot of the rest of us might not have reacted the same way if we'd been persecuted like that by the chairman."

Powell put up with such treatment for six years, until Barden retired in 1961. At last finding responsibility in his own hands, Powell for some six months was a model committee chairman, always present, always prodding subcommittees and pushing legislation. But, typically, when a key Administration school aid bill died in the Rules Committee in the summer of 1961, the disgusted Powell disappeared for most of the remaining session.

Whatever the pressures building up against him in Congress, Powell is secure as both political and spiritual shepherd for the 10,000 members of Harlem's Abyssinian Baptist Church for as long as he desires. He has been pastor there since 1937. Last year he announced that he would retire at the end of this year, but offered to linger indefinitely as "pastor emeritus." He still dies in about every other Sunday to address his flock.

Misuse of Power. Off pulpit and out of Washington, he cuts a dashing figure in Bermuda shorts and lavender shirts, loves to surfcast or seek deep-sea kingfish off his new home at Puerto Rico's Cerro Gordo. There he is intensely disliked by the Muñoz Marín government because of speeches plugging Puerto Rican statehood—a stand designed to please his Puerto Rican constituents in Harlem.

Powell says that he will retire from Congress in 1964. But few believe him. Says Jim Booker, political editor of Harlem's *Amsterdam News*: "No Negro who gets as much power as Adam is apt to let it go too easily." The *Amsterdam News* aptly expressed Harlem's sentiments about Powell in a single headline: NO HUM, THEY'RE 'AFTER ADAM' AGAIN.

CIVIL RIGHTS

100 Years Later

It was just a century ago, in the midst of the Civil War, that Abraham Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation. In a special report to the President last week, the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights (one Negro and five whites), looked back over the successes and failures of the Negro's struggle since then. The commission's judgment: "More forces are working for the realization of civil rights for all Americans than ever before in history."

The real spurt in civil rights progress, says the report, dates from the Supreme Court school segregation decision of 1954: "From this decision has flowed a series of court decisions making it clear that segregation is a dead letter in every area of public activity."

In the past decade, the Negro has made more gains than in all previous U.S. his-

never served on a grand jury, and are seldom selected for trial juries.

Even when resistance to the established law of the land and to social change is overcome in the South, the Negro faces a trying struggle in the very area from which he has historically drawn civil rights support: the North. "It is here that the last battle for equal rights may be fought in America," says the report. "The 'gentlemen's agreement' that bars the minority citizen from housing outside the ghetto; the employment practices that often hold him in a menial status, regardless of his capabilities; and the overburdened neighborhood schools, which deprive him of an adequate education despite his ambitions—these are the subtler forms of denial and the more difficult to eliminate."

THE SOUTH

Hello, Earl

Ever since he wrote the opinion in the 1954 school case, the mere mention of Chief Justice Earl Warren has been enough to redden the neck of any good segregationist. When Warren agreed to speak last week in Atlanta at Georgia Tech, authorities began preparing for trouble.

Their concern was only prudent. Some 25 signs appeared in Atlanta neighborhoods, pleading "Help Impeach Earl Warren," most of them paid for by Frank H.

and six state and local security cops screened the crowd at Tech's Alexander Memorial coliseum.

But as it turned out, Southern hospitality overcame Southern hostility. When the 71-year-old Chief Justice was introduced, he received standing applause from some 3,600 persons—four times the number that turned out for a lecture in December by Georgia's newly elected Governor, Carl Sanders, a moderate segregationist. Warren's serious talk on the relations between science and law ("Law has not kept abreast of science . . . A world without law is hell-bent for destruction with or without scientific discoveries") drew long applause at its end. There were no pickets, no boos, no threats.

POLITICS

The Lincoln Takeover

The New Frontier may seem timid at times in foreign relations, but on the domestic scene it can be joltingly aggressive—as it showed in the steel-price battle, the Battle of Mississippi, and several other feats of political jujitsu. Last week the Administration even tried to take Abraham Lincoln away from the Republican Party.

Choice of Pitches. On Lincoln's Birthday, traditionally an occasion for Republican speechmaking, President Kennedy held the center of the stage with an 800-page White House reception and buffet dinner to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the Emancipation Proclamation. "Hypocritical," cried the upstart Republican National Committee. Among the President's guests: Roy Wilkins, executive secretary of the N.A.A.C.P., John Johnson, publisher of *Ebony*, and, of course, the most prominent Negro members of the Administration—Robert C. Weaver, head of the Housing and Home Finance Agency, and Carl Rowan, Ambassador-designate to Finland. Menu: shrimp creole, curried chicken, ham, turkey, and two kinds of punch, not counting the political kind.

Somewhat obscured by the competition, the Republicans held their Lincoln Day gatherings to honor the party's first winning presidential candidate. Much of what the speakers said was as predictable as what Democrats say at Jefferson-Jackson dinners. At Springfield, Ill., the voice of Senate Minority Leader Everett McKinley Dirksen summoned the party to "plow the long, hard furrow through which the Republican Party came to power and saved the Union in grave hours." Republican National Chairman William Miller thundered that the G.O.P. "must win in '64, or there won't be a country worth saving in '68." Arizona Senator Barry Goldwater and numerous other speakers lambasted the Kennedy record on Cuba, New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller charged that the Administration had "abdicated virtually all leadership toward achieving necessary civil rights legislation."

Search for Ideas. But also evident in the Republican speechmaking was a recurrent recognition that, vulnerable as the New Frontier's record is, the Repub-



WARREN



BILLBOARD IN ATLANTA

Hospitality overcame hostility.

tory: the armed forces have been desegregated; the nation's capital has banned segregation; virtually all airports, bus and railway stations through the South have been desegregated; and a long-awaited executive order prohibiting discrimination in federally aided housing has been signed. Today the statutes of 21 states include enforceable fair employment practice laws, and more Negroes hold elective offices in the U.S. than at any time since the Reconstruction days of 1877.

But in the administration of U.S. justice, the commission reports, the Negro is still often denied a citizen's rights. Between 1958 and 1960, Negroes were the victims in 35% of the incidents of alleged police brutality, though they make up only 10% of the population. In many Southern counties, Negroes are still denied the vote by one devious means or another, have

Benning, 36, a member of the John Birch Society. The Atlanta Committee to Impeach Earl Warren wired Warren: YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT YOU ARE NOT WELCOME HERE. The North Side News, a scruffy Atlanta weekly, called Warren "a California politician who has the Fascist heart of a dictator." Handbills signed by an "Alumni Committee to Combat Communism at Georgia Tech" begged people to "let this unwelcome visitor speak to the empty hall he deserves, or attend and boo."

Agents of the Georgia Bureau of Investigation, Atlanta and airport police carefully checked Atlanta Municipal Airport before Warren's commercial airliner landed last week. Two police cruisers followed the limousine that took him to the Biltmore Hotel. Next day eight uniformed Pinkerton guards, five plainclothesmen

lican Party has to offer the nation something more positive than denunciation. Speaking in Boston, Kentucky's Senator John Sherman Cooper told his Republican audience that the Democratic Party had won its majority position "because it is a lively party . . . because it gives the idea of change and progress," and he urged the Republicans to strive for a consensus "upon the fundamental purposes and interests of our party." New York's Senator Jacob Javits called upon the G.O.P. to work out "positive programs" and "long-range plans" to put before the nation. Oregon's Governor Mark Hatfield declared that the Republican Party "must offer a youthful, new-idea approach . . . must look to the future, with emphasis on ingenuity."

The Republican Party, it seemed on Lincoln's Birthday, is in a state of philosophical flux, searching for updated ideas and remodeled programs. The politics of 1964 may largely depend upon the results of that search.

LABOR

Outearning the Boss

As head man of the Teamsters union, Jimmy Hoffa is an absolute but generous ruler, firm in the conviction that there is money enough in the Teamster till for every loyal lieutenant. Last week Anthony ("Tony Pro") Provenzano, 45, burly Hoffa protégé and chief of Union City, N.J., local 560, reached in for an even larger share than the boss takes.

At a meeting of the local, third largest in the Teamster stable, Tony Pro was voted a raise of \$50,000. That brought his salary to \$95,000, a tidy \$20,000 more than Hoffa makes, and \$75,000 more than

Tony was drawing only two months ago. The union voted him a first raise of \$25,000 late last December.

Not everyone approves of the way Tony does business. A federal grand jury has charged that he violated the Taft-Hartley Act by living rent free in a \$26,000 home provided by a trucking firm. Nor was there complete agreement on Tony's raise. At the meeting—attended by no more than 400 of the local's 14,000 members—40 Teamsters were against Tony in a stand-up vote. One challenged him to submit the raise to a secret ballot of all members. In retrospect, Tony himself seemed to be having second thoughts about whether he should take the raise. His position is already precarious with many of his men. He managed to win reelection as president by only a narrow margin last December, though even a narrow win was obviously enough to give him a big welcome at the bank.

ALABAMA

Two-Yacht Governors

Seated last week beneath the huge chandelier in his paneled office, Alabama's Governor George C. Wallace gulped Coke and denounced the lavish spending of his predecessor, John Patterson, Growled Wallace: "It's criminal, it's a shame, it's a sin."

Perhaps so. But wasting public money is something of a tradition with Alabama governors. During his first term in 1947-51, James E. ("Kissin' Jim") Folsom paid \$140,000 in state funds for a seagoing 95-ft. yacht, which he named *Jamelle* after his wife. Folsom's successor Gordon Persons apparently felt that his wife Alice was entitled to have a yacht named after her, too; anyway, he bought an 80-ft. craft for \$100,000, named it *Alice*. Alabama, one of the poorest states in per capita income, thus earned the distinction of being perhaps the only state in the union with a two-yacht Governor.

Triple-Threat Spender. After 250-lb. Kissin' Jim returned for a second term in 1955, he made his first regime seem almost austere. During his final year in office, the food-and-drink expenses for parties aboard the two yachts came to \$54,360. A sort of triple-threat spender—land, sea and air—Folsom accumulated a gubernatorial squadron of seven airplanes. Sometimes when he was putting on a really big bash, like taking friends to an out-of-state football game, he found his air force inadequate, commandeered Air National Guard planes and pilots. In 1958 he treated himself, his wife, and five of his children, plus a sizeable retinue of retainers, to a visit to the Brussels World's Fair—at state expense, of course.

Upon taking over from Folsom in January 1959, Patterson proclaimed economy. But before long he was spending state funds almost as uninhibitedly as Kissin' Jim. Not content with a press secretary, he also hired a radio-TV secretary and a personal photographer. Though he got rid of five planes, he later bought four others. Shortly before his term expired, he used \$17,500 of his emergency funds to pay



THE ALABAMA NAVY
Too much for many.

legal expenses for his brother Maurice, whom he had appointed state finance director. Maurice was caught up in an investigation involving the alleged misuse of Alabama funds; now he and two other ex-officials face a civil suit filed by the state to recover \$950,000.

"Segregation Forever." Faced with a \$2.2 million deficit in the current fiscal year, Governor Wallace has announced an austerity program. He has ordered the two yachts sold and the gubernatorial air force abolished, has even directed the highway patrol to halt cars bearing official license plates to make sure that the cars are being used solely for state business.

But in one respect, Wallace is like other Alabama Governors. He promised "segregation forever" during his campaign, and despite his cost-cutting efforts in other sectors, he has asked the legislature to include in the budget for the next fiscal year special funds to be used for contesting anti-segregation law suits.

NEW YORK

The Longest Trial

A stenographer, after a long absence, was now having trouble recalling her boss's correct title. A market and consumer researcher was rummaging the public library files for newspaper accounts she had for months been forbidden to read. A department store saleslady was getting ready for two long-deferred vacation trips—to Florida and Europe. A civil engineer found himself something of a celebrity among his co-workers in New York City's Department of Parks. All have only recently returned to a workaday world that they had nearly forgotten while serving as jurors in the trial of *U.S. v. Samuel Garfield, et al.* in Manhattan's Foley Square courthouse. As jurors, they had seen 1,890 exhibits and



HOFFA WITH "TONY PRO" (1959)
Enough for all.

heard 109 witnesses give 26,731 pages of testimony in the longest criminal trial ever held before a federal court jury. It lasted just 23 days less than a year.

The marathon jury duty had its compensations. "It gave me a minor education in finance and law," says Stenographer Pat Wickwire. "Now I can sit and find fault with Perry Mason." Most pleasing of all was the tribute from Federal District Judge William B. Herlands. As he dismissed the jury, he told them: "The time has come for the Government to award a Distinguished Service Cross to those who perform outstanding acts of civic responsibility and patriotism, and you should be the first recipients."

Despite the trial's tedious length, it took the jury only three days to return a

to spend in the jury room outside while legal points were being argued in court. They chatted about everything except the case, knitted, read, and kept up a marathon pinocle game. On a first-name basis within two days, they held a World Series pool, decorated the jury room for a Christmas grab-bag party. The jurors never had a serious argument, and have already made plans for an annual reunion.

When it was all over, Judge Herlands offered the seven men and six women immunity from all future federal jury duty. Proud of their service, none have accepted.



HATTIE CARROLL
What a night!

verdict of guilty against three stockbrokers, a defunct brokerage firm, and a former head of the United Dye & Chemical Corp. All were accused of conspiring to swindle the public out of \$5,000,000 through some elaborate manipulation of 500,000 shares of United Dye stock.

A Soldier's Duty. During the entire trial, just two court days were lost—to allow Juror Elsie Klamroth, a part-time market investigator, to recover from a bad cold. Three of the original 16 jurors and alternates were excused for one reason or another; the rest stuck it out despite occasional aches and sniffles. "I hopped into the courtroom on my sprained ankle once," Saleslady Ruth Harris says proudly. "I felt like a soldier doing my duty."

The jury's two salesladies continued working at night, and most of the others were kept on regular salaries by their employers (in addition to juror's pay of \$7 a day for the first 30 days and \$10 a day thereafter). Despite the strain of keeping up with the complicated evidence, the hours were not bad—usually 10 to 4, five days a week. Says James Villafana, a night-shift postal clerk: "It was just like a real vacation, and I was able to get reacquainted with the wife and kids."

Pools & Pinocle. Rather than wearing one another, the jurors became good friends. During the long hours they had



ZANTZINGER & WIFE JANE

MARYLAND

The Spinsters' Ball

Holly trees arch gracefully over the neat white fences that line the dirt road leading to the brick mansion at West Hatton, the 630-acre Zantzing farm-estate in southern Maryland. The mansion's colonnaded porch faces the somnolent Wicomico River, which flows past a placid pond and a white summerhouse. Also on the estate is an austere farmhouse from which William Devereux Zantzing, 24, runs one of the most prosperous tobacco operations in Charles County.

The setting befits William Zantzing's status as a rural aristocrat. His father, a former member of the Maryland house of delegates and the state planning commission, still lives in the mansion, where he and his wife entertain in convivial country style. William and his attractive wife, Jane, 24, organized the Wicomico Hunt Club, love to hallow after hounds across their fields. William is unlike many a gentleman farmer. His farming success is due not to the efficiency of hired supervisors, but to the long hours of gritty, grubby work he himself does afield. But by last week it was apparent that he can play even harder than he plows.

Whacks, But No Tips. The Zantzingers set out for a gay social evening of dancing at Baltimore's annual Spinsters' Ball, a white-tie affair in which passed-over postdebutantes in their late 20s take another try at meeting the right sort of men. With another couple, the Zantzingers stopped off for preball dinner at downtown Baltimore's Eager House.

As witnesses tell it, Zantzing downed two fast drinks at the bar, then whacked the restaurant's hostess and its elderly sommelier with a wooden carnival cane that he had picked up somewhere. Coaxed into checking the cane, he lunged at the wine steward's cordial tray, then his neck chain, caught a sharp elbow in the stomach in return. Zantzing had two double bourbons with his steak; Jane Zantzing, four double Cutty Sark's with her prime ribs. When the head barman refused to serve more, Jane hopped to another table, sipped from the glasses of its surprised occupants. Zantzing left no tip for the waitress.

At the hall in the Emerson Hotel, the pace picked up. Zantzing stung a Negro bellhop's rear with his cane. After a few bourbons and ginger at the open bar, he asked a Negro waitress, Mrs. Ethel Hill, 30, something about a firemen's fund. She said she did not know what he meant. "Don't say no to me, you nigger, say no, *sir*," said Zantzing. He flailed her with the cane. She fled to the kitchen.

Too Slow. Minutes later, Zantzing strode to the bar for another drink. Mrs. Hattie Carroll, 51, a Negro barmaid, did not move fast enough for him. "What's the matter with you, you black son of a bitch, serving my drinks so slow?" he railed. He beat her with his cane. She collapsed and an ambulance was called.

Through it all, the orchestra of Howard Lanin^o played on, many of the spinsters missing the commotion—even when Zantzing turned on his 125-lb. wife, who fell to the floor. More blows flew as two men struggled to calm Zantzing. A physician felt Mrs. Zantzing's pulse, decided she would be all right.

"I Love Him." Two policemen arrived to lead Zantzing away. Jane Zantzing, much revived, cried: "He beats me up, but I love him!" She jumped down five stairs, knocking both her husband and Patrolman Warren Tood to the floor. Both of the Zantzingers were taken to jail, later released on bail.

The whole wild night could have wound up as just another bender, something with which the Zantzingers might later woe their guests ("What a night!") after riding to hounds. Even the disorderly conduct and assault charges lodged against Mrs. Zantzing would only add zest to the tale. But one thing changed all of that. Mrs. Carroll, a mother of eleven and president of a Negro social club, died eight hours after the caning. A medical examiner found that the cause of her death was a brain hemorrhage. The charge against Zantzing: homicide.

^o Brother of Lester Lanin, whose orchestra sometimes entertains at the White House.

THE WORLD

FRANCE

The Life of One Man

The shaking up that the Atlantic Alliance got last month was the work of a single man. And France's claim to dominate Western Europe and to be reckoned with as the leader of a Third Force is also the lengthening extension of that man. Those of his allies who have to deal with *le grand Charles* sometimes find that their exasperation exceeds their admiration. But any way one looks at it, whether as an ally or as a Frenchman worrying about the chaos that might follow his death, there is a lot riding on the towering man in the Elysée Palace. He is 72, and he has enemies desperate enough to want to kill him.

Last week, as Frenchmen closely followed the news of a trial of would-be assassins of De Gaulle, the government announced a fresh attempt on De Gaulle's life.

Armored Car. The night before De Gaulle was to inspect the Ecole Militaire on the Left Bank near the Eiffel Tower, Paris gendarmes swarmed over the ground, searching the buildings for weapons and interrogating officer students and teachers. De Gaulle showed up next day on schedule, but (in a concession to danger rare for him) cooped up inside an armored Citroën limousine with bulletproof windows. According to the official story from Sûreté headquarters on the Rue des Saussaies, police had discovered a plot on a civilian's tip, in the nick of time. After interrogating the five suspects, the police indicated that the triggerman was Navy Captain Robert Poinard, 37, who was held for questioning along with his blonde young wife. According to the police supposition, Captain Poinard was to use a carbine with a telescopic sight to kill De Gaulle while he was inspecting the honor guard in the cobbled Ecole Militaire courtyard. Two other officers were also in custody, but the oddest of the suspects was the alleged ringleader, Mme. Paule Rousselot de Liffiac, 55, a pipe-smoking, low-salaried English translator at the school, the mother of six children, who



DE GAULLE AFTER VISIT TO ECOLE MILITAIRE
Fantastic, incredible and thoroughly French.

was picked up at her 15-room, 18th century chateau in a town south of Lyon. The Ecole Militaire, where Napoleon learned to soldier, is the top academy for the French military, and a hotbed of anti-Gaullism among the veterans of Algeria who think he let them down.

Shrewd Delay. Algeria was a word much spoken also in a courtroom in suburban Vincennes, where nine would-be assassins were on trial for having tried to kill De Gaulle last August in an ambush at Petit-Clamart, a Paris suburb. As has so often happened in France since the Dreyfus case of the 1890s, the trial was not confined to pertinent evidence but blossomed into a national political affair. Very few Frenchmen had much sympathy for the defendants, but many had grave doubts about how they were being tried.

De Gaulle's chosen instrument for the trial was the special Court of Military Justice, from whose verdict there is no appeal, which was set up last year and was to end its existence on Feb. 25. The defendants' attorneys shrewdly tried to delay proceedings until that date so that the case would have to start all over again in a regular court, from which appeals could be taken. But De Gaulle moved to fit the law to his needs. His Cabinet swiftly approved a bill extending the life of the special Court of Military Justice, and the bill was passed by De Gaulle's Assembly 271-170 (the Senate last week stubbornly voted the bill down but, like Britain's House of Lords, is powerless to overturn decisions of the lower house).

The defendants at Vincennes were an odd, and oddly frightening, lot. Most of them were slack-jawed youths who seemed equally lacking in confidence and intelligence. One was an army lieutenant with

the old, aristocratic Breton name of Bougrenet de la Tocnaye, and a head reeling with heroic memories of his family's feats of arms dating back to the Crusades. The leader, Lieut. Colonel Jean-Marie Bastien-Thiry, 35, who had graduated from the famed Polytechnique and served as a brilliant air force engineer, revealed himself as a man who put great industry, intelligence and logic to work within a framework of mad zeal.

All Nonsense. Though refusing to recognize the jurisdiction of the court, Bastien-Thiry agreed to answer questions, "because it is necessary for the French people to know why we have acted and how we have acted." His story was fantastic, incredible, and thoroughly French. To begin with, explained Bastien-Thiry, the ambush had not been intended to kill De Gaulle, only to capture him. To this end, the assassins—who were all "crack shots"—had fired at the tires of De Gaulle's car.

As a witness for the prosecution, De Gaulle's son-in-law, Colonel Alain de Boissieu, who was riding beside the chauffeur, testified that he saw a man pouring a stream of bullets at the car, and recalled, "He did not seem to be aiming his submachine gun at the tires, but quite obviously at the passengers." To the chauffeur, Boissieu snapped, "Down the middle. Straight ahead!" Then he turned around, begged De Gaulle, who was still sitting upright, to bend down. De Gaulle obliged by leaning forward slightly. Defendant Bastien-Thiry airily dismissed as "technical incidents" the additional evidence that the car windows were shattered by bullets, a motorcycle cop's helmet drilled through, and De Gaulle's head missed only by inches. If they had captured De Gaulle, the conspirators in-



BASTIEN-THIRY
Determined to kill.

tended to hide him away in a villa "between Paris and Versailles," and planned to prevent his escaping by removing his spectacles and suspenders. After several weeks, De Gaulle would be tried by the National Council of the Resistance (the successor to the Algerian Secret Army Organization), and presumably executed.

With De Gaulle disposed of, the National Council of the Resistance planned to appoint a new head of state; none other than De Gaulle's present Finance Minister, an aristocrat named Valéry Giscard d'Estaing.



KASSEM (FAR RIGHT) & AIDES IN DEFENSE MINISTRY
Who were the new rulers?

d'Estaing. Protesting loudly, Giscard d'Estaing said it was all nonsense, that he had never even met Bastien-Thiry and had no links with either the Secret Army or the Council of the Resistance.

As the trial continued its flamboyant way, the wild rhetoric of the defendants could not conceal the implacable determination to kill. *La Gloire* summons Frenchmen in many directions. Five of the gunmen who took part in the Petit-Clamart ambush are still at large, including the most dangerous of all, Georges Watin, 39, nicknamed *Boiteux* (The Limper), who the police say was also the brains behind the Ecole Militaire plot. A French Cabinet minister, emerging from a meeting at the Elysée Palace last week, said worriedly to a friend: "Never has De Gaulle's life been in such danger."

IRAQ

Green Armbands, Red Blood

A week after the overthrow of Iraq's Dictator Abdul Karim Kassem, the crack of rifle fire still echoed in Baghdad's Liberation Square. Tanks and armored cars kept stern vigil at every important intersection. Scurrying everywhere were the little squads of men wearing green armbands—ferrets who sought to find and to

crush the last remaining opposition to Rebel President Abdul Salam Aref and his mysterious revolutionary backers.

Who were these new rulers? In the modern mode, Aref, 41, gritted his teeth and presented himself at the Baghdad Hotel for the inevitable press conference with the swarm of foreign correspondents, an ordeal he seemed to regard as in some ways worse than the historic night of the coup itself. More than a hundred shouting reporters and photographers pushed aside his Tommy-gun-waving guard and

eral, they're a topnotch bunch of responsible, eager, exceptionally well-educated people." Many of the ministers have lived or have been educated in the West, ranging from Foreign Minister Shabib, who graduated from London University and is married to an Englishwoman, to Finance Minister Salih Kubba, who attended the University of California and has an international reputation as an economist. Seven of the new Cabinet ministers were in Kassem's concentration camp at Rashid military base until the rebels broke down the gates during the coup.

The Baath Idea. The new government is clearly anti-Communist, and all but five ministers are either members of or closely linked to the Baath (renaissance) Party. More an idea than an ideology, the basic Baath doctrine insists that "there are no Arab nations; there is only one Arab nation." This creed is, of course, warmly embraced by Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser, but Aref and Iraq's Baath Party seem hardly eager to fall under Cairo's domination. The Baathist leaders in Iraq, in fact, have reshaped their doctrine of Arab unity into a concept of federation of Arab states without a centralized dictatorship. This could mean anything, including a revival of the old concept of loose unity in the "Fertile Crescent"—Iraq, Syria, Jordan and Lebanon. Already Syria, having broken free from Nasser, was proposing federation to Iraq's new leaders. The ideas of the new Iraqis seem liberal, humane and democratic. But so did Kassem's program when he first seized power; his reign swiftly drifted to brutality and degradation.

Normal Torpor. By week's end Iraq seemed settling down into the normal torpor of an Arab state after a *coup d'état*. Oil flowed uninterrupted through the pipelines to the Mediterranean. Shops, schools, and government offices reopened. The curfew was gradually extended from 3 in the afternoon until 11 at night, and in the coffeehouses men were gossiping and playing backgammon.

The local Communists, the only group still supporting the discredited Kassem regime, were being stridently urged by Moscow's powerful Arabic voice in East Germany to "struggle against the fascist imperialist regime now foisted on Iraq." Some Communists responded by sniping from rooftops, but their organization had suffered a devastating blow. Hundreds of the dogged men with green armbands, carrying mimeographed lists of Red leaders complete with home addresses and auto license numbers, methodically hunted down the Communists, who had grown strong in Kassem's final months. By last week the new regime had killed or jailed nearly 2,500 dissident Communists.

This was enough to win the applause of Western diplomats. But anyone who had witnessed the perilous passage of other, earlier revolts with laudable ambitions, could only hope that the rebels would stop the shooting and start running the country. In the long run, guns will hardly serve the new regime better than they served Abdul Karim Kassem.

GREAT BRITAIN

The Other Harold

The Labor Party last week chose a new leader to carry its banner against the Tories in Britain's coming general election. The winner: Harold Wilson, 46, a pipe-smoking intellectual with a phenomenal memory, a following of mixed admirers, and a love of political combat.

Wilson's 144-103 victory was a crushing blow to his chief rival, comradely George Brown, 48, a staunch trade unionist and ex-truck driver, who as acting party leader since the death last month of Hugh Gaitskell, had every reason to believe that he would inherit the mantle of leadership. But when the voting began last week, it was George Brown's old friends among Labor's trade unionists who abandoned him first. Some opposed his pro-Common Market views; others among Labor's intellectual center and right flinched at the thought of a working-class, up-from-the-ranks Prime Minister, and preferred to go to the country with an Oxford graduate and economics don like Wilson. Respectability means a lot to the Labor Party.

High Mortality. "No one knows Harold, really," says a friend. But at a press conference last week, jammed with reporters and TV cameras, Wilson set out smoothly and competently to leave the right impression. He regretted the "tragic event" of Gaitskell's death "that created this vacancy." He diplomatically declared that "a great deal of credit must go to George Brown" for keeping the party together in the interim. Finally, Wilson stated his three main objectives: "First, to maintain the unity of the party that Hugh Gaitskell handed on; second, to continue those policies worked out under his leadership . . . thirdly, to lead the party to victory in the coming general election."

In the past decade, Labor's strength has been sapped by internal bickering and



WILSON & WIFE AFTER VICTORY
Who knows the new leader?

ASSOCIATED NEWSPAPERS

by the loss of many of its ablest men (Gaitskell, Sir Stafford Cripps, Ernest Bevin, Aneurin Bevan). The feuding has faded, and Labor finds itself in the best shape in years to topple the government of Prime Minister Harold Macmillan. A Gallup poll last week indicated that Labor had a 15½% lead over the Conservatives, the lowest the Tories have been in eleven years in power.

Deepening unemployment and a faltering economy account more for Tory unpopularity than its recent defeat on the Common Market. Macmillan has until fall 1964 to call an election at the time most advantageous to himself. Much will depend on the skill with which Wilson exploits Tory weaknesses and demonstrates Labor's right to govern.

The son of an industrial chemist, James Harold Wilson was born March 11, 1916, in the heart of industrial Yorkshire, and

spent his childhood in a hillside village overlooking the factory smoke of the Colne Valley. At the local council school, he won the first of a series of scholarships that eventually carried him to Oxford's Jesus College, where he was a leading member of the debating society and a cross-country runner. Graduating with first class honors, Wilson remained at Oxford as an economics don until the war, ending up in the Ministry of Fuel and Power. Sir William Beveridge employed him as a researcher for his famed Social Insurance report, and called Wilson a "brilliant young man" and "the best economist I've ever had."

In 1945 Wilson stood for office for the first time, and, in the election that threw Winston Churchill out of office, won a Lancashire seat handily by 7,022 votes. Two years later, when Wilson became President of the Board of Trade at 31, he was the youngest Cabinet member since William Pitt.

Littered House. Among his constituents or at his red-brick home in Hampstead Garden Suburb, Wilson is affable, easygoing and well-liked. His wife Mary, the daughter of a Baptist minister, writes poetry and is active in her local church; his two sons, Robin, 19, and Giles, 14, litter the house with sports gear and mackintoshes. But in the House of Commons, the reaction to Wilson is generally one of uneasy suspicion, and he is frequently accused of being "slippery." As the *Economist* put it last week, "On the big things—defense, the American alliance, East-West, the need to give Labor a twentieth century look—Mr. Wilson has been consistently ambiguous, indeed deliberately and cleverly so. These are the reasons for more than doubt about his leadership."

Having quit the Labor Cabinet in 1951, along with Firebrand Aneurin Bevan, Wilson has inherited much of Bevan's left-wing support. But in the Cabinet his main administrative achievement was the dis-



THE NEW DOLL

ILLUSTRATION: LONDON DAILY MAIL



FORESTERS' BALL IN BUDAPEST'S HOTEL GELLERT
Until dawn, tuxedos and décolletage.

JERRY COKE

mantling of a vast array of controls on Britain's postwar economy. He has always been more pragmatic than doctrinaire—or opportunistic, his enemies say. In a Commons speech last week he declared, "What I am saying may or may not be ideological, but it will get the export orders." With the left safely on his side, Wilson is shrewd enough to know that, as leader, he must now conciliate the party's center and right.

Wilson carried on a mild flirtation with the H-bomb "unilateralists" when he challenged Gaitskell for party leadership in 1960, and for a time plumped for neutralism instead of NATO. Last week Wilson reassured everybody that the Labor Party "stands firmly by NATO." And he added, "We should expect to have a very happy relationship" with Washington. In a recent Commons speech he argued that Britain should avoid the needless expense of a separate nuclear deterrent, but nevertheless should have a voice in deciding when the West (i.e., the U.S.) uses its nuclear power: "There must be no annihilation without representation!"

With his ready tongue and sharp mind, Harold Wilson will prove a formidable adversary for Prime Minister Harold Macmillan (he was swiftly dubbed "The Other Harold"). There is hardly an M.P. who has a better grasp of parliamentary procedure or a better knack of turning it to his side's advantage. He has already drawn blood with his slashing attacks on the "vain nuclear posturing" of the Macmillan government. Macmillan's relations with U.S. President John Kennedy, said Wilson, reminded him of a "seedy uncle" receiving homilies from a young and wealthy nephew. Though it may be difficult to discover precisely where Harold Wilson stands, there was little doubt last week about where he intends to come to rest—at 10 Downing Street.

HUNGARY

Gay until Tomorrow

Like Germany's riotous *Fasching* festival, Hungary's *Farsang* was traditionally a time to blow off steam before the onset of Lent's rigors. It was banned by Hungary's Red rulers. But now, with their tolerance, *Farsang* (pronounced forshong), is making a comeback—not so much as a pre-Lenten spree as a chance to escape the austerity of everyday life under Communism. Explained one blonde merrymaker: "We celebrate from the morning after New Year's right through Lent, and on to Easter."

Hungary's festival pales by comparison with the old days, when Magyar aristocrats would spit on a 100-forint note (worth about \$12.50), slap it on a gypsy's forehead, and demand an assanate violin-playing until the spittle dried and the note fell off. But all things considered, it is gay enough. At Budapest's Press Ball last week, young men in stovepipe trousers and girls in daintily décolleté dresses performed a writhing twist that onlookers pointed to with a touch of pride as their own "dirty twist." For the monster masked balls that punctuate the season, probably 100,000 costumes will be rented. At some events the men sport tuxedos rented for 120 forints (the average Hungarian earns 1,600 forints a month, or \$70 at tourist exchange rates), and the ladies wear old remodeled party dresses.

Everybody throws a party: there is even a Ball of the Administration of Water Economy. At the Foresters' Ball in Budapest's Hotel Gellert fortnight ago, 1,500 guests turned up, including even a few foresters. Gypsies provide the music, sawing out Strauss waltzes, wild Hungarian *csardas* and songs by somebody listed as "Colporter." The balls go strong until dawn breaks over the Danube.

For all the dancing, drinking and casual lovemaking, the festival has a bitter-sweet air. After their night-long revels, Budapest's residents pick their way to work along pock-marked sidestreets, gaze absently at the stripped-bark scaffolding on buildings gutted by Soviet tanks during the 1956 rebellion, queue up for the consumer goods that always seem to be in short supply. The Red army still stays prudently hidden in its camps ringing Budapest, and the hated AVH secret police have been replaced by a less conspicuously murderous bunch known as BKII, but nobody is enthusiastic about the "permissiveness" shown lately by Premier Janos Kadar.

"Don't let all this gaiety fool you," a Budapest writer warned an American visitor after a *Farsang* ball. "The young people are gay because they are young. The old people—they are gay because they don't know what comes tomorrow."

ITALY

Off & Running

For Italy's 243 elected Senators and 596 Deputies, all roads led out of Rome last week. Getting the jump on the presidential decree formally dissolving Parliament, the politicians scurried home to start campaigning in the first general election in five years.

If the April 28-29 election were only a personal popularity contest, short (5 ft. 1 in.), mustachioed Premier Amintore Fanfani, 55, might find himself out of a job. Fanfani is shrewd, not *simpatico*; behind his back, critics call him and his aides *i bassotti* (the dachshunds). More than Fanfani's looks and cold political style are against him. A 6% jump in living costs last year touched off a prolonged wave of strikes by industrial and white-



DUPONT

PREMIER FANFANI
Until April, work at home.

collar workers; fortnight ago, 5,000,000 workers quit their jobs in a one-day general walkout. Fanfani's year-old partnership with Pietro Nenni's left-wing Socialists, the *apertura a sinistra* (opening to the left), has sharply divided the Premier's own Christian Democratic Party; the coalition's major legislative accomplishment—the needless and expensive nationalization of the electrical industry, which was Nenni's price for collaboration—has turned many businessmen against the government.

Still, Fanfani figures to stay on top. Of the six nations in the Common Market, Italy's estimated 6% growth rate this year is the highest; at about 1,000,000, unemployment is half the 1956 level. Many Italians fear that flirtation with that old Stalin prizewinner Pietro Nenni will eventually lead Italy down the path to neutralism. But so far, Nenni has pulled to the right in international affairs, away from his longtime Communist allies. He has even halfheartedly endorsed a NATO nuclear force. Nenni was probably saved a little Socialist embarrassment when the U.S. recently agreed to pull its Jupiter missiles out of Italy.

EAST GERMANY

The Harder They Fall

East German Communists forever accuse West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer of harboring former Nazis in his government, but last week, to their acute embarrassment, a prominent ex-Nazi turned up right among East Germany's top twelve Communists.

The man was Professor Dr. Karl-Heinz Bartsch, 39, a brilliant agriculturalist who in scarcely more than a decade soared from complete obscurity to a spot in Walter Ulbricht's Cabinet. First gaining prominence with his lectures on animal husbandry at East Berlin's Humboldt University, Bartsch was given a job controlling collective farms, soon was made Deputy Minister of Agriculture. Perhaps he did not tell his colleagues of some of his earlier achievements: a place in the *Hitlerjugend* at nine, Hitler's Cross of Danzig at 16 (presumably for deeds in Poland), a war career in the notorious SS.

Western intelligence agencies knew all about Bartsch, however. His name had turned up in the cross reference data at the Berlin Documents Center, an archive of old Nazi membership files rescued from the storage heap of a West German papermill after the war. Resisting the temptation to spill the facts on Bartsch, intelligence hid its time. Fortnight ago, the rising Herr Bartsch became agricultural czar, and at this point out to West Berlin newspapers went full dossiers on the new Communist Cabinet Minister.

For two days the East German government ignored the headlines. Then Ulbricht's party control committee met and decided that Bartsch, for causing "serious damage" to the party, would be dismissed from all his party and government functions. He had been in office just 36 hours.

CENTRAL AFRICA

No Squawks, Please

Everybody was rushing to leave Sir Roy Welensky's rickety Rhodesia federation. Black-ruled Nyasaland was already assured of Britain's permission to secede. Northern Rhodesia's African-dominated Assembly last week voted, 21 to 14, to demand immediate secession. Even white-ruled Southern Rhodesia was now calling for "a clean break." Or, as the new Prime Minister, Winston Field, put it at the opening session of Parliament in Salisbury, "The question of Southern Rhodesian secession will not arise. We shall have been seceded from."

Britain's Deputy Prime Minister R. A. ("Rab") Butler had just spent two weeks in the Rhodesias, and concluded that a breakup of the ten-year-old federation was inevitable. Sometime in the coming spring, Butler is expected to call a conference in London to overhaul the constitution of Northern Rhodesia, and give the



DAVID DAVIES

PRIME MINISTER FIELD

"We shall have been seceded from."

region the right to secede; he also hoped that he might salvage from the federation's wreckage some kind of economic link between the two Rhodesias. Field's aim is to win independence for Southern Rhodesia before Britain has a chance to draft a new constitution that would assure Southern Rhodesia's 3,616,000 blacks of majority rule over the 221,000 whites.

Field wants no squawks from native agitators while he tries to bring off his plan. This month his police arrested African Nationalist Leader Joshua Nkomo and seven other former leaders of the banned Zimbabwe African People's Union for taking part in an "illegal procession" and "obstructing police" at a protest rally, charges that could mean up to ten years in prison. With that, Field last week sent Parliament a spate of proposals that would give police broad new search and arrest powers, permit the whipping of prisoners (up to a maximum of ten lashes), and make hanging mandatory for anyone convicted of arson or the use of explosives.

SOUTH AFRICA

Unhappy Apart

Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd's grandiose scheme to transplant most of South Africa's 11 million natives into nine back-country, all-black Bantustans was supposed to put an end to the country's racial unrest. Instead, it has only increased the dangerous tension between black and white.

The first Bantustan on Verwoerd's list was the Transkei, a Denmark-size (16,500 sq. mi.) area of eroded farm land on the Indian Ocean. Nobody knows the troubles it has seen. Ever since Africans went on a rampage there more than two years ago, murdering the government's handpicked tribal chiefs and setting fire to entire villages, mobile police patrols armed with Sten guns, armored cars, and helicopter spotter planes have had to stay on duty in



BERNARD SPENCER

NKOMO ON TOUR

parts of the Transkei. Fortnight ago, a white family of four were capriciously hacked to death with pangas as they stumbled down the steps of their burning trailer, set afire while parked on a road only 30 miles from the Transkei's capital of Umtata.

Last week, as the Parliament in Cape Town prepared to debate a bill legally establishing the Transkei Bantustan—certain to pass the Nationalist Party-controlled legislature, probably by June—there was more trouble. The government plans to make Kaizer Matanzima, a mission-educated Tembu chief, the chief minister of the new Transkei government. The bodyguard of a headman serving Matanzima got into a tribal fight with 40 warriors armed with spears and axes. Matanzima quickly mustered 500 men to crush the revolt, and South African police stood by with a truckload of men and a helicopter. The rebels fled into the

hills. Police blamed the trailer murders and the tribal outbreak on the increasing influence of *Pogo* (pronounced Paw-kaw), an African terrorist society whose members, like Kenya's notorious Mau Mau, take secret oaths and are heavily influenced by witch doctors. *Pogo* fanatics recently tried to assassinate Matanzima because he frankly favors *apartheid* as "the best solution" for South Africa's racial troubles.

Matanzima's powers to govern the Transkei's 1,400,000 blacks, 15,000 to 20,000 whites, and 14,000 coloreds will be strictly limited. All measures passed by the local legislature of tribal chiefs and elected representatives are subject to veto by the central government; Cape Town still will control justice and internal security. Money to improve the barren region will be lacking. Verwoerd has promised an annual budget subsidy of \$30 million, but this falls far short of meeting the need for housing, schools, land reclamation, establishing new industry. In addition, Matanzima faces powerful political opposition from another Tembu chief, Sabata Dalindyebo, who does not like the Bantustan idea at all. Dalindyebo demands multiracial political rule "in which the color of a man's skin plays no part in his civil rights. By accepting self-government," he warns, "we fear we will be enclosing ourselves in a pigsty."

BURMA

Army Socialism

Ever since General Ne Win tossed bumbling Premier U Nu out of office last March, the only thing that has kept him from rushing headlong into a program of industrial nationalization and farm collectivization has been the influence of tough, handsome Brigadier Aung Gyi. Last week the brakes were off. After a long feud with leftist members in the 17-man Revolutionary Council, Aung Gyi "most respectfully" asked Strongman Ne Win "to relieve me of the various duties to which I have been assigned."

As Army Vice Chief of Staff, Minister of Trade and Industry, and Chairman of the Burma Oil Co., Aung Gyi was Ne Win's No. 2 man and heir apparent. The son of a well-to-do Chinese textile merchant and a Burmese woman, he proved himself a canny diplomat both in the 1960 negotiations that fixed Burma's borders with Red China and in last month's talks with Japan that produced \$70 million in additional World War II reparations and loans. Despite his insistence that "I have no training in economics," he built a modest army PX-type operation into the giant Burma Economic Development Corp., running 34 firms ranging from banking to fisheries and turning handsome profits that in some years ran as high as \$2,500,000. Though he insisted that he had been a socialist for 20 years and intended to remain one for 20 more, in fact, he was a tough-minded pragmatist who openly advocated cooperation with private industry.



GENERAL NE WIN
The brakes were off.

Inevitably, Aung Gyi's gradualism annoyed Ne Win, a soldier who is no Communist but has vowed to socialize Burma as quickly as possible. Aung Gyi earned the enmity of Brigadier Tin Pe, a Marxist theorist and a key member of the Revolutionary Council. For months, Tin Pe pressed for a faster switchover to state control; Aung Gyi's departure means that Tin Pe has finally won out.

Stripped of power, Aung Gyi, 43, flew off to voluntary exile in an isolated Burmese village near the borders of China and India. At least four high-ranking officers who shared his views were arrested or forced into retirement. With the opposition out of the way, Ne Win declared that the government would immediately take over the import and export business, the rice trade and some private industries. Burma's economy, said he, would now come under "total state control."



BRIGADIER AUNG GYI
The heat was on.

COMMUNISTS

Ah, Foreign Aid

The Communists have poured out their millions too, trying to win the hearts and minds of Africa. Sometimes, Moscow must wonder whether it is worth all the effort.

► In Bulgaria, 200 African university students on Communist scholarships marched down Sofia's Lenin Boulevard toward the office of Premier Todor Zhivkov to protest government restrictions. Instead of sympathy, they were met by 600 Bulgarian militiamen, who flailed the Africans with clubs and hauled them off to jail. All the students had asked for was permission to maintain an all-Africa Student Union.

Like other Africans in Eastern Europe, the 350 African students in Bulgaria found more segregation than brotherhood, more indoctrination than education. After the riot, Ghana's ambassador lodged a strong protest with the Bulgarian government, and just about all of the Africans in Sofia decided to pack up and seek education elsewhere. "We have been insulted in every possible way," said Ghanaian Agricultural Student Robert Kotey as he arrived in Vienna. "We were molested in the streets, called 'black monkeys' and 'jungle people,' and people used to spit out before us on buses and trains." Concluded Ghanaian Economics Student Kofi Buckle: "We soon realized that to study in a Communist country is a bloody waste of time."

► In Guinea, once regarded as a foothold of Soviet penetration of Africa, Russia's stock fell to a new low with *L'afaire Svetlana*. It had to do with a blonde Russian exchange teacher named Svetlana Ushakova. Against embassy instructions, she persisted in making friends with the natives, and ignored orders that she return to Russia. Fortnight ago, she was hustled to a Moscow-bound plane, only to be rescued by the Guineans themselves. On a second vain attempt to get Svetlana to Moscow, Russia's Ambassador to Guinea himself tried to pass her off as the aircraft's stewardess. Then a few days later, the Russian cultural attaché and two aides snatched Svetlana from a Conakry restaurant and sped off toward the airport. That was too much. The Guineans tossed all three into jail for the night, reinstalled Svetlana in her school, and began to wonder where foreign aid stops and foreign interference begins.

Four Hands on the Shovel

Nikita Khrushchev was getting a little self-conscious about the way the capitalist world was cheering on Red Russia's quarrel with Red China. At a Moscow party given by the visiting King of Laos, Nikita grabbed the hand of the Chinese ambassador for all the attendant Western correspondents to see, and declared: "When the last spadeful of earth is thrown on the grave of capitalism, we will do it together with China."



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THE HEMISPHERE

VENEZUELA

The Sago of the Anzoátegui

It was a little like a treasure hunt. At 6:30 p.m. one evening last week, the phone rang at Caracas' daily *El Nacional*. The caller's curious request: check the ashtray near the elevator on the second floor. At the same time, editors of *La República* were told to look in the trash can near the proofreaders' rest room. In both places were notes from the publicity-grabbing Armed Forces of National Liberation (FALN), a pro-Castro terrorist group that is trying to make things difficult for Venezuela's middle-roading President Rómulo Betancourt. The FALN's message: one of the government's ships is missing.

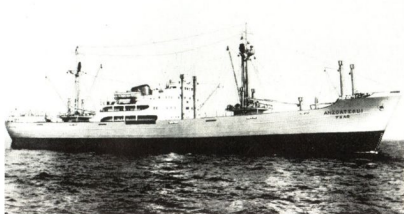
In a daring coup on the high seas, FALN agents had just hijacked the 3,127-ton government-owned freighter *Anzoátegui* only a few hours after it left the port of La Guaira bound for Houston and New Orleans. Betancourt might have expected something of the sort. Though the pro-Castro group is not powerful enough to overthrow Venezuela's President, it does its best to embarrass him—particularly since he is scheduled to make a state visit to the U.S. this week. In the campaign, FALN terrorists have been shooting up police cars, setting fire to U.S. businesses and threatening to kill U.S. citizens. But the *Anzoátegui* hijacking was its biggest stunt yet.

Then Silence. The ringleader was Wismar Medina Rojas, 28, second mate aboard the *Anzoátegui*. Smuggling eight FALN gunmen aboard the freighter, he surprised the rest of the 36-man crew. In a series of gloating radio messages, he identified himself and his henchmen, said that captain and crew were unharmed. Then silence from the *Anzoátegui*—presumably on its way to Cuba and a propaganda triumph for Fidel Castro.

Betancourt's red-faced government sent Canbera jet bombers to search the Caribbean, called on the navies of all friendly nations to help find "the pirates," Venezuela itself has just six destroyers, of which four are slow and nearly obsolete. The only hope was the U.S. A day passed, then a second and a third, with only a false report of a sighting. Radio Havana weighed in with an offer of asylum for the hijackers: the vessel, said Castro gleefully, would be turned over to the U.S.

Where No One Expected. Feeling somewhat sheepish, considering the fact that it is supposed to watch everything that moves in the Caribbean, the U.S. quickly announced that the chances of the *Anzoátegui* reaching Castro's snug harbor "are remote." But where was the freighter? The Navy said that it had checked 400 ships without finding a trace.

At long last, a P-3 Neptune flying from Puerto Rico found the *Anzoátegui* where no one expected it to be—180 miles off Surinam, sailing south down the coast of



HIJACKED VENEZUELAN FREIGHTER
On the high seas, bound for embarrassment.

South America. Instead of Cuba, the hijackers were headed for Brazil, where another hijacker, Soldier of Fortune Henrique Galvão had taken Portugal's *Santa Maria* two years ago.

Now the question was how to stop the *Anzoátegui*. Navy planes flashed blinker signals ordering the vessel to head for Puerto Rico. No answer from the *Anzoátegui*, as it plowed steadily southward toward Brazil, where, in the words of a government official, "asylum is a Brazilian tradition." When the hijackers ignored the orders to change course, the planes swooped down to fire rockets near by. The hijackers seemed to be in for a rough time.

HAITI

Toward the Consequences

In the past five years, the U.S. has pumped some \$43.5 million into Haiti, the small Negro Caribbean country misruled by Strongman François Duvalier. A respected back-country doctor before he went into politics, "Papa Doc," as he calls himself, has become a ham-fisted tyrant, illegally perpetuating himself in power. His private army of *Tonton Macoutes*, meaning bogeymen in Creole, crushes the opposition and shakes down businessmen. The bogeymen even insist on distributing the U.S. gifts of food and taking their cut; the U.S. refuses, and so the food sits rotting in a Port-au-Prince warehouse. All development—economic, social, political—is at a standstill, while Haiti remains one of the poorest countries in the Americas.

Now, at long last, U.S. patience has ended. Ambassador Ray Thurston is in Washington for consultation, expects to return to Haiti this week bearing an unpleasant message. The U.S. is cutting Duvalier off the dole, has reduced new aid this year to \$2,400,000 (compared with \$7,000,000 in 1962), will end all aid as

soon as possible. The U.S. will honor its promise of \$1,500,000 a year over the next two or three years for a malaria-control program, and will fulfill a \$2,800,000 commitment for a jet airport at Port-au-Prince. But no more. "It is unfeasible to do anything in Haiti," says a high State Department official. "We have stopped wasting our money, and we are prepared to accept the consequences."

PARAGUAY

Dictator by Popular Request

They used to say that all the clocks stopped in Paraguay in 1864. That was the year Argentina, Brazil and Uruguay gangued up on their small, landlocked neighbor in a grisly war that halved Paraguay's population to 250,000 and left only 14,000 males. Paraguay has made some progress since then: it now has a population of 1,800,000 and a gross national product of \$198 million annually (equal to the annual sales of U.S. drugmaker Eli Lilly & Co.). It also has the last remaining old-style dictator in South America.

Last week, after nine years in power, General Alfredo Stroessner, 50, held "free" presidential elections in which women were allowed to vote for the first time, and an opposition candidate appeared on the ballot for the first time in recent memory. He took no chances of course; at some polling places there were only Stroessner ballots, and no opposition observers. Stroessner was elected to a third term by a 10-to-1 margin, which gives him a mandate to continue spending Paraguay's \$45 million annual budget (battered by \$9.8 million last year in U.S. aid) as he sees fit. Last year 33% went for the army and police force, 15% for education, 2% for public works. Stroessner grandly said that he would accept re-election "not because I wanted it but because it was the request of the Paraguayan people."

PEOPLE

It was one of those spontaneous expressions of people-to-people friendship that can take even a more practiced U.S. diplomat by surprise. After inspecting the new UNIS library in downtown Algiers, **G. Mennen Williams**, 52, Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, was on his way out when up dashed an enthusiastic gentleman. Soapy got the hand, but the beard got him—in a bristly, both- cheeks embrace. The Algerians were all for Williams because he observed the sunrise-to-sundown Moslem fast of Ramadan—plus the fact that their government had decided to headline the U.S. emergency aid (40,000 tons of foodstuffs monthly) that helps nourish the country. Glowed Soapy, when he recovered his tongue: "I shall tell President Kennedy of the gratitude of the Algerian people."

Some four months after her husband, George, won the Michigan governorship, his sprightly missus, **Lenore Romney**, 52, explained how to keep winning the marital match. "Don't serve your husband a drink in a jelly glass," she told a group of conventioning beauticians in Detroit, "or serve his meals while you've got curlers on. He's the one who cares the most about you, and you owe it to him to look your very best." Then, wiggling her new light brown wiglet, Mrs. Romney let the ladies in on another secret: "It's the first time I haven't been all me."

With all the adulation going on for *Whistler's Mother* in her guest appearance in Atlanta, everyone seemed to forget another notable lady in art, who was peacefully tending her needlework in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, where she has been a stay-at-home for five years. She was *Whistler's Mother-in-Law*, a postcard-sized pen-and-wash drawing of



MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON
WHISTLER'S MOTHER-IN-LAW
A lady remembered.



WILLIAMS & ADMIRERS IN ALGIERS
A spontaneous expression.

Mrs. John Birnie Philip, whom **James McNeill Whistler** always respectfully called "Ma'am."

Bedtime for Israel's most distinguished philosopher, **Martin Buber**, is 10 o'clock. But his 85th birthday was an exception. At the stroke of 11, some 400 students from the Hebrew University, where he taught before his retirement, paraded up Jerusalem's Lovers of Zion Street to the door of Buber's house, carrying torches and singing in Hebrew "For Martin's a jolly good fellow." On the veranda, a pretty coed garlanded the white-whiskered Hasidic sage with flowers and soundly bussed his cheek. "What?" asked Buber with a merry twinkle. "Is there only one girl student here?" Then the students presented him with honorary membership in their student union. "I have a drawer full of honorary degrees, in everything from theology to medicine," said Buber. "But this is the first time I've been made an honorary student. This is a great honor for me."

Four years after the 1958 coup that ended royal rule in oil-rich Iraq, a pretty blonde girl, **Genevieve Arnault**, 23, told a strange story to a Manhattan court. She was, she said, the widow of assassinated **King Feisal II**, 23 at the time of his death. They had fallen in love at a garden party in Greenwich, Conn. given by her mother, a lady engineer and construction company executive. In 1957 Genevieve went to Baghdad, where she and Feisal were secretly married. Who believed it? A Manhattan surrogate court judge, that's who. The judge ruled that she is Feisal's lawful widow, making her eligible for \$124,000 in the late King's Manhattan bank account, untold amounts more abroad if foreign courts agree.

"Love is not a stimulating emotion," proclaimed **Dr. Morris Fishbein**, 73, retired editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. "It's a weaken-

ing one. The victim sweats, his blood vessels dilate, he takes on a pale and sickly look." For every Leander ready to swim the Hellespont, "the record is filled with stories of coronaries and strokes brought on by exertion caused by too much emotion."

A resolution to grant the first honorary U.S. citizenship* to **Sir Winston Churchill**, 88, bogged down in Congress recently, when worrywarts feared that the honor might later be passed out like green stamps. But the states may do the job piecemeal. Nebraska's legislature made Sir Winston a state citizen last week; Tennessee is about to do so this week. The man who once described himself as a living Anglo-American alliance already has scads of transatlantic ties, from honorary citizenship in the city of Jacksonville, Fla., to life membership in the Friendship Veterans Fire Engine Co. of Alexandria, Va. Yet Sir Winston is an honorary citizen (since 1941) of only one country—to wit, Cuba.

Ill lay: **Herbert Lehman**, 84, former New York Democratic Governor and Senator, with a fractured left hip, after a fall in his bedroom, in Palm Springs, Calif.; **Van Cliburn**, 28, rag-mopped pianist, recovering from tonsillitis, holding up a Western concert tour, in Tucson, Ariz.; **Sir Anthony Eden**, 65, former British Prime Minister, of a mild anginal attack, on Barbados; **Marshall Bridges**, 31, star (8-4) relief pitcher for the New York Yankees last year, laid up with a .25-cal. slug from a lady's pistol in his left calf, following a barroom wild pitch, in Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

* Not even the Marquis de Lafayette, the French nobleman who fought beside George Washington, got U.S. citizenship directly. Granted citizenship in the ex-colonies of Maryland and Virginia, the Marquis (and all his male descendants) automatically thereby became a citizen of the Republic in 1788 when the Constitution was ratified.



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THE SIGN OF TOMORROW... TODAY

EDUCATION

COLLEGES

An A is an A is an A

Northerners call it a "gut," Southerners a "crip," Westerners a "pipe" or "snap" or "Mickey Mouse." By any name, nothing is so beloved by collegians across the land as the course that is almost impossible to fail. No college ever admitted that it had guts; grateful old grads know better. Today, with students brightening and courses tightening, colleges are supposedly more gutless than ever. But are they?

The courses that are really dying (or being given loftier names) are those made

ans" (history of the West), or "Mint Juleps" (history of the South).

Guts abound in almost any field. Yale's classic was "TB" (Tennyson and Browning), taught by the late William Lyons Phelps, who reportedly never gave anyone less than a B. Harvard's football players have an inexhaustible interest in Slavic folklore; when Slavic 146 was last offered in 1961, the entire team huddled for the first lecture. The University of Texas offers Pharmacy 340 ("Home Emergency Health Problems"), which is better known as "Band-Aids" for the probing depth of its exams: "Name ten items you would expect to find in a family medicine chest."

Generations of gentlemen scholars have lazed through archaeology at the University of North Carolina, where the brilliant J. Penrose Harland has taught more students (up to 658 in a single class) and flunked fewer of them than any other professor in the university's 170 years. Last month six of his students shocked the entire state by cheating on a final exam. The ingrates' defense was that everyone knew that Harland's archaeology class was not a "normal" course, in which a grade had to be earned honestly. Harland was dismayed. "If it was such a crip, why did anyone have to cheat?" he cried.

Six-Hour Tour. Certain fields seem peculiarly prone to guthood—geography, for example. Yale's easy Geography 65 (Political Geography) consists solely of lectures ("the most boring in Yale College"), with not a line of required reading, and if this is too much to bear, Geography 42B ("Maps") offers neither term paper nor final exam. Even Yale cannot match Wayne State University's Geography 652 ("Travel Field Studies"), which awards six credit hours for touring Europe with the professor.

Astronomy is also in among astute gut-seekers. To pass Princeton's Astrophysics 301 is a marvel of objective-exam simplicity: the student who knows an answer is true puts a 3 in the true box, an 0 in the false box. If he isn't sure, he puts a 2 in each box and is assured two points of credit. At the University of Michigan, astronomy is in the venerable hands of Dr. Hazel Losh, a first-rate scholar with a grandmotherly concern for athletes. In her painless introductory course, says one resentful girl, "A is for athletes. B is for boys and C is for coeds."

At Northwestern University, a "McGoo" is any of five political science courses taught by popular Professor William McGovern, who seems to hate the alphabet beyond the letter C. "We have students who major in this man," says one boy. Equally loved are "appreciation" courses taught by professors who simply aim to "expose" students to their subject. In the booming "opera appreciation" course at the University of Washington, the only chore is to sum up one opera plot. "The teacher feels that if you are interested enough to show up, you are passing the course," says one student. At Harvard, Fine Arts 13 is unofficially called "Dark-

ness at Noon" because it meets then, uses slides, and doesn't tax the student's mind. Yale's arcanelly titled "Introduction to Iconography" demands no term paper, but just an afternoon tour around Manhattan museums. Equally easy at Wayne State is "Modern Poetry," taught by Pulitzer Prizewinner W. D. Snodgrass (*Heart's Needle*), who mostly reads poetry aloud. Real appreciation is the result, says one student, "but there's no final exam, no term paper and no strain."

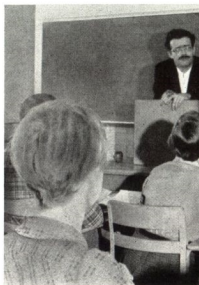
Upward & Outward. Parroting the jargon is the secret in sociology. "You can write any old thing as long as you mention 'upward mobility' and 'outer-directedness,'" says a Yaleman of Sociology 26A, which almost guarantees a grade



HARVARD'S HISTORIAN BRINTON
Colleges hate to admit...

infamous by educationists—bait casting, ballroom dancing, bridge playing. The University of Miami has dropped its water-skiing course, and various Texas schools are being pressured to wash out radio listening, horseback riding, art education ("where they teach teachers to paint like children"), and something called "Enriching the Later Years."

Telltale Signs. As alive as ever is another kind of "gut"—the good course taught by a good professor who just happens to be soft on grades and work for reasons that range from fondness for overworked students to earnest boosterism ("We must stimulate interest in Shakespeare"). Such benevolence is subject to whim: sudden crackdowns make one year's gut next year's skull-cracker. Thus, each fall the avid "gut-seeker," as Harvard calls him, has to sniff out anew the telltale signs: heavy class attendance, especially by football players, and a proneness to refer to the course in slang, such as "Spots and Dots" (modern art), "Cops and Robbers" (criminology), "Pots and Pans" (homemaking), "Nuts and Sluts" (abnormal personality), "Cokes and Smokes" (religion), "Cowboys and Indi-

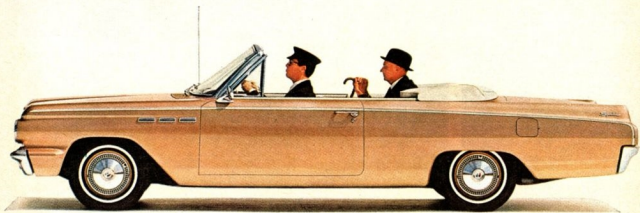


WAYNE'S POET SNOGRASS
...they have guts.

of more than 80. And of the reading, says another, "just remember that when a father and son have a fight, it stands for the decline of the American family." Equally alluring is Sociology 69B (Criminology), which until recently required the reading of Rocky Graziano's autobiography, *Somebody Up There Likes Me*.

Great history professors often teach guts. The modern European history course given by Yale's eminent Hajo Holborn, though currently in abeyance because he is on leave, customarily enrolls some 350 students, who rely on a couple of textbooks, call the course "Page a Day with Hajo Holborn," and don't bother much about lectures. Virtually promised grades of more than 85, they merely await questions that rarely change from year to year. Harvard's famed Crane Brinton freely admits that he "likes undergraduates and doesn't want to make them work too hard." A 30-page paper is required for "Brunch with Brinton," but the good professor advises that "one page of aphorisms will be perfectly acceptable."

The fact that such gems exist even at mighty Harvard is no evidence that college is as easy as ever. On the contrary,



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*Optional at extra cost.

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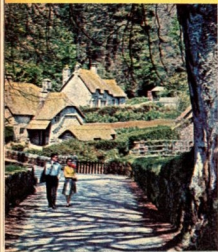
Europe's Spring begins in Britain

Britain's Spring begins in February. That's when the daffodils and geraniums take Winter by surprise. By March, the whole country is a flower garden, and Spring Fever is in the air. The weather will surprise you by its gentle kindness, too. The only signs of Winter are the low, off-season prices.

If you'd like to catch Spring Fever before March 31st, these BOAC bargains will lower your immunity: \$350 round-trip Economy Class New York-London by Rolls-Royce 707 on the 17-day Excursion fare. Even less by jet-prop Britannia. BOAC also flies to Glasgow, gateway to the Scottish Highlands, and to Manchester, close to the poetic Lake District. When you fly BOAC, you'll find the service a delight. Impeccable. You're in Britain the moment you put yourself in BOAC's hands.

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the toughness of other courses makes guts all the more precious. When pressed, some Harvard gut-seekers concede feelings of "intellectual dishonesty." But most agree with one student on the dean's list: "For getting into graduate school or making the dean's list, an A is an A no matter what course you get it in."

Academic Common Market

The Big Ten is an alliance of Midwestern universities dedicated to beating one another's brains out on the gridiron. Like the Ivy League, which football also launched, it may soon be known more for minds than for muscles. Last week the Big Ten schools, joined by an ex-member, the University of Chicago, agreed to link their graduate facilities in the world's biggest "academic common market."

The Big Eleven,⁹ which together grant about 30% of the nation's doctoral degrees, have mulled the idea since 1957, when they formed the Purdue-based Committee on Institutional Cooperation, which aims to cut the rising cost of research rivalry. If one campus has a particle accelerator, for example, it makes no sense for another to duplicate it. Michigan is strong in Far Eastern languages; Illinois in Russian. Why should they try to match one another? By sharing the other schools' strong suits, each of the eleven will be able to strengthen its own for the benefit of all.

Already under way is joint research in bioclimatology (weather's effects on living organisms), a new field too costly and complex for any one school to excel in. The universities have even pledged to quit raiding one another's faculties for top professors during a May to September "closed season."

C.I.C.'s new venture is a plan to allow graduate students to transfer freely among the eleven campuses. With 43,300 such students, the schools will give "C.I.C. Traveling Scholars" the right to use whatever facilities they need at any school, without having to register or pay additional fees there. A Northwestern anthropology student, for example, can now sign up for the strong Egyptology courses at the nearby University of Chicago. A pharmacology student at Ohio State can use the bionucleonic lab at Purdue. Physics students will gain access to the biotron at Wisconsin. Besides specialized schools and equipment, students will be able to seek out star scholars—Iowa's Space Scientist James Van Allen, Illinois' Nobel Physicist John Bardeen, Indiana's Geneticist Hermann Muller.

Some of the scholars will travel to host schools and stay a semester. Where schools are near one another, students can commute. "Each university has one or two departments that are tops in the world," says C.I.C.'s Director Stanley F. Salwak. "If we can get them to mesh, we'll have the greatest educational complex anywhere."

⁹ Chicago, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, Michigan State, Minnesota, Northwestern, Ohio State, Purdue, Wisconsin.



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SAFFLOWER OIL...WITH LESS
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SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

Grace of Graustark

The Prince and Princess emerge from the palace, jump into a small car, and speed down the highway. No, no, no, says the man from the ad agency: it looks almost like a European car. A second take. The Prince and Princess emerge from the boathouse, hop into a cabin cruiser and speed across the harbor. Exactly so.

It is never easy to describe the human lives of princes and princesses, but it is particularly tough when one or both have sponsors. The Graustarkian principality of Monaco is, of course, dependent on sponsors of one kind or another, the most influential of whom are the French government and the tourists. There is not much anyone can do about Charles de Gaulle, but something can be done about tourists—as last week's hour-long color telecast, *A Look at Monaco* (CBS), set out to demonstrate.

The idea for the telecast came from Princess Grace (who planned it before Jackie Kennedy's White House tour). Grace's Hollywood pressagent peddled the idea and remained in Monaco during the shooting, which took five weeks last fall at a cost of \$400,000. The show opened with a word from the Ford Motor Co.—its new "command-performance cars" come "direct from Monaco"—and presently disclosed Princess Grace in a mustard suit perched on the top of a cardboard-looking crenelated tower. "Welcome to Monaco," said the Princess, and launched into some local history.

After that, a chatty tour, with occasional breaks while Grace ducked out of the picture ("It's time for the changing of the guard, which I'm sure you'll want to see, so I'll leave you now and see you later at the palace"). Grace in the orphanage, riding into the palace in her Rolls and being greeted by Rainier, Grace in the throne room, Rainier with the kids at the

zoo, the whole family putting to sea in the yacht, the Prince and Princess entering the cathedral. And finally Princess Grace signing off with dignified warmth and a generous plug: "Now you've had a look at Monaco, but really it's only a look. I hope you'll come back and see it for yourselves."

It was a slickly handled show—almost too slick. Director Douglas Heyes had occasional trouble compensating for Princess Grace's "adopted diplomatic accent: we tried to keep the pace of her speech up so she didn't sound too British." Offscreen, he combined formality with familiarity by addressing her as "Your Highness—honey." Rainier tended to be more relaxed about the whole thing. When Grace muttered her apprehensions about Princess Caroline going down to the zoo with a cold, Rainier quipped: "In that case let's get some other little brat—nobody will know the difference." Caroline went.

If the daily round of activities seemed a little synthetic, a member of the crew had a ready explanation. "These people have so little to do, really," he said. "There just isn't a helluva lot going on. They show movies three times a week."

FOLK SONGS

Rag Peddler

Oh go 'way, man, I can hypnotize dis nation,

I can shake de earth's foundation wid de Maple Leaf Rag!

Oh go 'way, man, just hold yo' breath a minnit,

For there's not a stunt that's in it, wid de Maple Leaf Rag!

—Maple Leaf Rag Song (1903)

Ragtime began hypnotizing the nation about the time the Gay Nineties became gay, and it disappeared years before the Stanley Steamer and the suffragette. It might still be gone if it were not for the efforts of a Sedalia, Mo., piano peddler



RAGTIME MORATH
Git on boo'd, little chillun!

named John Stillwell Stark and an entertainer and pianist named Max Morath. Stark had the good sense to start publishing classic Negro rags like *Maple Leaf Rag* and *Sunflower Slow Drag* in 1899 when he was in late middle age; last year Morath, 36, began playing the rags on television—and has become a sort of folk hero of the spreading ragtime cult.

As played in the honky-tonks and brothels of Sedalia at the turn of the century, ragtime would have won neither sponsors nor the approval of Newton Minow. A derivative of the Negro spiritual, it opposed a syncopated right hand to a marching bass, and it talked, as one wag observed, of the six days of the week the spirituals ignored.

Morath's bowdlerized ragtime first appeared on a television show called *The Ragtime Era*, for the National Educational Television Center. Morath now has 15 half-hour shows, *Turn of the Century*, in which he mixes snatches of cultural history into a formula of songs, monologues and lantern slides. A thin, volatile man, he usually noodles out the music first on the piano, then talks about the men who wrote it and of the day when ragtime was the "folk music of the city."

Morath now plays about 50 college dates a year, and sometimes holds after-show clinics for scholarly ragtime buffs. Morath himself was playing *The Maple Leaf Rag* on the piano before he could read; his mother was a silent-film pianist in Colorado Springs.

What draws people to ragtime, Morath thinks, is that "it is happy music; it speaks of a time of tranquility, reform, consolidation and harmony in our national life." He is particularly pleased that his audiences are so young. "If I found that only the tag end of another generation was interested," says Morath, "I'd have dropped it long ago." Which means:

Git on boo'd, little chillun!
Git on boo'd, big chillun!
Git on boo'd, all de chillun!
Dere's room fo' many a mo'!



GRACE & RAINIER LEAVING SOCCER MATCH

Offscreen, she was "Your Highness—honey."



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GENE GORDON

THE CITY

A Private Subway

The businessmen of Fort Worth—like those in many another U.S. city—watched in dismay as traffic congestion clogged downtown streets and customers fled to the suburbs. At their behest the city hired Architect-Planner Victor Gruen to redesign the downtown area, but Gruen's elaborate plan proved to cost more than the city fathers were prepared to pay. Then a downtown mall was tried, but planners failed to provide enough convenient parking space; in the Texas long hot summer, the few potted trees they installed did little to shade the wide concrete expanse, and business declined. But Marvin and Obediah Leonard, who own Leonards, the biggest department store in town, refused to move to the suburbs.

"Let them put up the sideshow anywhere they want," said Marvin Leonard. "They'll still want to come into the main tent, and this is it." The Leonards set out to solve the problem on their own. And last week they proudly opened a private, mile-long, \$500,000 underground subway, running between parking lot and store.

Leonards, which sprawls over four city blocks, sells items ranging from barn siding to \$1.99 "Ivy League Pants." Several years ago, the Leonards bought a big parking lot for 5,000 cars on the bank of the Trinity River and began experimenting with free bus rides from it to the store. The buses lured customers back, but provided a slow and hot ride. Obediah thought of a subway. The Leonards acquired five old Washington, D.C., streetcars, spiffed them up with stainless steel and new seats, installed air conditioning, and carved a double-track tunnel between store and lot. This week the M (for Marvin) & O (for Obediah) subway—the first subway south of the Mason-Dixon

line"—began service, delivering as many as 500 passengers every 3½ minutes to the store's basement. Price per ride: nothing.

In fact, anybody can ride free. There is no charge for parking in the store's lot, not even a ticket to be "validated at the time of a store purchase." Even though the store does not open until 9 a.m., the subway will begin carrying early-morning commuters at 7:30; at the very least, the Leonards hope to grab off some of the passengers for popcorn or a hot dog at the subway-station snack bar. "We're dang poor merchants," draws Obie Leonard, "if we can't sell them something while we've got them here."

Actually, the expense is not as high as it might seem. Adds Obie: "The whole shebang—lot, tunnel, subway cars, the works—costs us only about \$200 per parking space." Other downtown merchants, anticipating the Leonards' bringing customers painlessly into the area, have begun sprucing up their own store fronts to attract as many as they can. The Leonards don't mind, since they have first crack at riders of their private subway.

CUSTOMS

Making Bankruptcy Pay

Once upon a time, when both morals and money were harder, bankruptcy was bad. Wastrels used to be bailed out by their better-off relations in order to save the family name from the stigma. But in these days of looking-glass economics, bankruptcy is growing more and more fashionable as a way to settle one's debts and land some more credit.

During the past decade, the national bankruptcy rate has risen dramatically. In 1952, there were 34,873 bankruptcies, of which 28,331 (81.3%) were personal; in 1962, the U.S. total jumped to 147,780, of which 135,125 (91.5%) were personal. Bankruptcies are highest in states that permit creditors to garnishee a hefty slice of debtors' salaries and where there has been an influx of newcomers to the cities, looking for the good life and unaware of what the carrying charges for it will amount to. California, Illinois and Ohio, which have the highest bankruptcy rates in the country, are no strangers to the shyster who tells a beleaguered debtor: "Don't worry about a thing, buddy. I can get you declared a bankrupt for \$75, and you can pay me on time. Now what you want to do is to go out and run up \$5,000 in debts, which we'll get the court to forgive."

The situation has bred a new type of

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JUST TURNED 21?
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BAD CREDIT?
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retailer, who caters to bankrupts and habitual bad debtors. Some of these retailers may be motivated by genuine solicitude for a man who has fallen on bad times. But many are taking calculated advantage of the fact that no bankrupt can go bankrupt again for six years. This means that in case of default, they can garnishee his salary (or repossess the purchase) without danger of being frustrated by a new bankruptcy action or forced to settle for a fraction on the dollar. In Chicago, where personal bankruptcy cases have risen from 1,048 in 1952 to 9,852 last year, the newly bankrupt is likely to be flooded with form letters bearing such chirps of cheer as: "Bankrupt? \$25 down for an auto." "Sorry to hear about your bankruptcy. Here is a \$10 gift certificate at our jewelry shop. Please drop in." "Stop worrying! Up to \$7,000, one-day service. No co-signers. No collateral. Free parking."

Responsible credit managers are concerned at the spread of the new, easy-going attitude toward what was once a disgraceful last resort. "Bankruptcy is like cancer," says Executive Vice President Carl S. Hobbet of Illinois' Cook County Credit Bureau. "It's growing, and we've got to look for the trouble wherever it exists—in consumer attitudes or retail practices. It may sound old-fashioned, but we still think the basis of the credit industry is character."

DESIGN

Fall of the Pit

Back in the late 1950s, there was hardly a blueprint around that did not include specifications for a large, shallow hole to be sunk into the living-room floor. That, as the architect told it, was the conversation pit. Its ostensible purpose: to create, in the vast tundra of the "living-dining-play area," a separate denlike arena that could either remain distinct or be absorbed at party time into the whole. There, while others went about frivolously at ground level, the more serious-minded could step down to form a sort of basement discussion group. Nontalkative families tucked pillows and blankets into it, called it a rest area. Some put the barbecue there, achieving a pit-within-a-pit effect. There seemed no end to the pit's potential.

But whatever the activity delegated to the area, there were dangers inherent in its design. At cocktail parties, late-staying guests tended to fall in. Those in the pit found themselves bombarded with bits of hors d'oeuvres from up above, looked out on a field of trouser cuffs, ankles and shoes. Ladies shied away from the edges, fearing up-skirt exposure. Bars or fencing of sorts had to be constructed to keep dogs and children from daily concussions.

Today, few homebuilders are insisting on conversation pits, and a remedy has been found for homeowners discontented with the ones they have. A few cubic yards of concrete and a couple of floor boards will do the trick. No one will ever know what once lay beneath.

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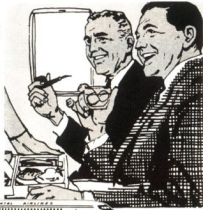
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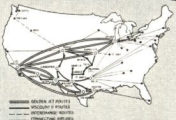
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Look! Another Record

Indoor track can be a three-ring circus, with so much going on in the space of a few evening hours that the fans hardly know where to look first. This winter it is "Look quick—there goes another world's record." Three weeks ago, at the Millrose



MILNER BEATTY
Go, go, go.

Games in New York, the Soviet Union's rubber-legged broad jumper, Igor Ter-Ovanesyan, casually smashed Ralph Boston's old record with a prodigious leap of 26 ft. 10 in. The pole-vault record has been boosted five times by four different vaulters, the last a muscular Finn named Pentti Nikula, who soared an incredible 16 ft. 8½ in. How much faster, farther and higher can the athletes go? Lots, it seems.

Last week at the New York Athletic Club meet in Manhattan's Madison Square Garden, the U.S.S.R.'s handsome High Jumper Valery Brumel, 20, was out to avenge a minor blot on his otherwise sterling record. The week before, the U.S.'s John Thomas beat him for the first time in eight tries. Thomas was not around for the N.Y.A.C. meet, but Brumel gave him something to think about anyway. Brumel skimmed 7 ft. 2 in., then called for the bar to be lifted to 7 ft. 4 in., a half-inch better than the indoor record he set himself two years ago. Brumel bounded toward the pit and took off. The bar never even quivered—he cleared it by a good inch. "It's too bad John was not here," said Brumel. "We both do better with competition."

Even that performance was eclipsed by the mile. There, pint-sized (5 ft. 5½ in., 128 lbs.) Jim Beatty, 28, an insurance man from Los Angeles and the best mile

in the U.S., was making his 1963 debut. With 15 straight meet victories behind him, Beatty was going all out to win another. As for setting a record, he was not so sure. A gangling, 20-year-old junior named Tom O'Hara from Loyola of Chicago decided the question for him.

Going into the second half-mile, Beatty opened his stride, eased out into the lead, and seemed to have the race sewed up. Not quite. Suddenly, at the three-quarter mark, O'Hara popped out of the pack and burst ahead. Sensing an upset, the crowd was on its feet as they pounded into the backstretch. Both runners kicked into the final sprint. Slowly Beatty pulled ahead of O'Hara about 60 yds. from the line, and with a quick peek over his shoulder clipped the tape to win by three yards.

Time: 3 min. 53.6 sec., three-tenths of a second better than Beatty's own year-old indoor record. There was glory, too, for Tom O'Hara; he had run his first sub-four-minute mile, with 3:59.2. "Just after Tom passed me, I decided: 'This is it,'" said Beatty. "He had a big heart. All he lacked was experience."

The Plight of the Bumblebee

The shalls and shall nots of golf are pretty explicit. In the United States Golfers Association rule book there are 34 definitions, 41 rules with 120 sections and 156 subsections; for professional tournament play the P.G.A. makes six exceptions of its own. These cover everything that can happen to a golfer from clobbering a spectator with a ball (no penalty) to brushing away worm droppings while in a hazard (two strokes). But nowhere, as Arnold Palmer discovered in last week's \$35,000 Phoenix Open, do the rules say anything about bumblebees.

Buzz Off. There was Arnie on the sixth green in the final round with an easy 3-ft. putt. Ever so carefully, he addressed the ball, mindful of the fact that as the round began, South Africa's Gary Player was only a stroke behind. Enter the bee—to light snack on Arnie's ball. He frowned, stepped back, muttered for the critter to

buzz off. Eventually, the message got through. But as the bee departed, Palmer, standing five feet away, saw the ball move—maybe the width of a blade of grass. Oh Lord! Three weeks before, Palmer had been disqualified in the Bing Crosby National for breaking a rule. He huddled with officials. If he was somehow responsible for the ball moving, it would cost him one stroke; if not, there would be no penalty.

Rule 27, subsection 1-a seemed clear enough—no penalty if "any outside agency" moved the ball. The bee was obviously an outside agent. But subsection 1-d says that a ball that moves accidentally after it is addressed costs the player a stroke. Which one applied? Tournament Supervisor Joe Black said the first rule did, but he put in a call to U.S.G.A. Executive Director Joseph Dey in New York to be sure. Dey was not in, so Palmer played through. He coolly carded a two-under-par 70 for the round. Twenty minutes after Palmer finished, Black's rule was affirmed from New York. No penalty, and Palmer wound up with a 15-under-par 27½ to win the \$5,300 first-prize money, beating Gary Player, who was having his own disconcerting experience with the rules.

No Complaint. Needing a birdie four to tie Palmer on the 18th and final hole, Player seemed to have it made. His putt was an easy four-footer. But his playing partner, Don January, had left a putt teetering precariously on the lip of the cup, and January said that he could see the ball moving. So he waited—for seven interminable minutes. Player was so unnerved that he blew his own 4-ft. putt, the match and a crack at the \$5,300. "That putt wasn't going to drop—ever," he grouched. "January had no right to wait so long."

Did he or didn't he? Rule 25, section 1 firmly states that a player shall not hit a moving ball; January insisted that his was. But Rule 35, subsection 1-h, permits only a "momentary delay" to see whether the putt will drop or not. Player might have forced a ruling by complaining to the officials, but since he didn't, January got away with it.



PLAYER (LEFT) PEERS AT JANUARY'S "MOVING" PUTT
Rules, rules, rules.



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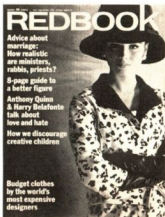
GIVENCHY's two-part harmony: sheer-or-the-better houndstooth-knit with easy-does-it top and bottom shaping. About \$90. Also remarkable: Redbook's advertising lineage and revenue have increased every year since 1954.



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Helene Obolensky, Redbook's fashion editor, went to Paris and came back with two originals each by Balenciaga, Givenchy and St. Laurent, the *great* couturiers. Then she went to Andrew Arkin and had them copied, line for lovely line. The results appear in March Redbook, six originals for Young Adults that combine the wonderful look of French design with the simplicity loved by young American women. The under-\$90 copies are now on sale in 290 top-ranking stores all over America.



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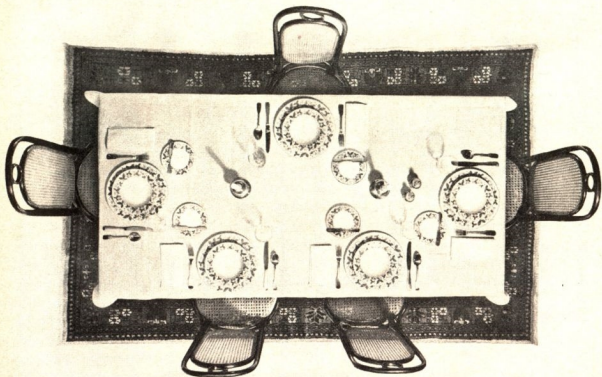
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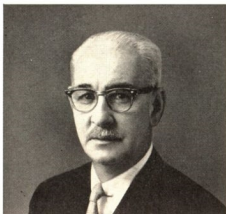
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LOS ANGELES TIMES

CONSERVATION

How to Feed a Beach

Sick shorelines make ponderous patients. When one of them begins to waste away under the pounding of winds and waves, engineers usually rush in to order heroic prescriptions—great stone seawalls and jetties reaching offshore to trap the escaping sand before it gets away from the beach. But last week the Army Corps of Engineers was ordering a different treatment for the ailing littoral south of Los Angeles. What this beach needs, say the engineers, is a permanently circulating supply of sand.

Tamed Rivers. Unlike some beaches of the U.S. East Coast, Los Angeles' are not nourished by sand washed in from the sea. The Army engineers had to study local history to discover what had gone wrong and decide what needed to be done. When Los Angeles was a Mexican village named The Town of Our Lady the Queen of the Angels, the broad, curving beaches below the San Pedro peninsula took care of themselves. The waves of the Pacific beating diagonally on the shore made the sand move southeastward in a low, powerful stream. But the beaches always recovered the loss, because three turbulent rivers plunging down from the mountains supplied fresh sand.

When the village grew into a great city, the three rivers, the Los Angeles, the San Gabriel and the Santa Ana, were gradually diverted, dammed, and made to run, when they ran at all, in floodproof concrete channels. By the 1940s, they were completely tamed; they brought hardly a grain of fresh sand to the shore. The beaches, now lined with parks and cottages, were already in serious trouble. In 1947, when waves had swept across the skinny beach at Surfside and battered the shoreward cottages, Army dredges pumped 1,000,000 cu. yds. of sand from the bottom of a Navy channel at nearby Anaheim Bay to form a protective barrier. But the cure did not last. In spite of an another dose of sand provided by the Navy,

the beaches continued to waste away. The damage reached twelve miles southeast to Newport Beach which boasts some of the most expensive shore front property in the U.S. Early this month storm waves smashed 75 houses at Surfside and every high tide threatened more damage.

Before this, the engineers realized that they were dealing with a one-way stream of sand which was no longer replenished by the three tamed rivers. They estimated that 200,000 cu. yds. of sand moved along the shore each year and plunged into a deep underwater canyon off Newport Beach, where wave action could not reach it. And they were certain that if nothing were done, the sand stream would eventually carry away all the finest beaches south of Los Angeles. Pumping sand from the bottom of Anaheim Bay was no answer; there simply was not enough sand there.

Sand Circuit. The engineers have worked out an ingenious solution. The first move, says Engineer William J. Herron Jr., will be to dredge from Anaheim Bay and any other available source 3,000,000 cu. yds. of sand to spread over the beaches where the sand stream is born. Like so much other sand before it, this new supply will flow slowly toward the hungry Newport canyon, where ordinarily it would be lost forever. But before the fresh sand arrives at that place of no return, the engineers will have built a 2,000-ft. breakwater paralleling the shore, just short of the canyon. By intercepting the waves, the breakwater will create a still-water trap where the sand will settle before it gets lost in the canyon. In about five years, Herron figures, Surfside Beach will be threatened again. But then sand will be available in the breakwater trap to be pumped or dredged to replenish its beach. The process will be repeated over the years, and sand flowing from beach to trap and back again should keep Greater Los Angeles in bathing grounds indefinitely.

OCEANOGRAPHY

The Age of the Ice Age

To anthropologists, man is the child of the Pleistocene ice age, that period beginning roughly 1,000,000 years ago when he was forced to adapt to fierce variations in climate, and when the brutalities of nature hastened his evolution from the apes. Dating the period precisely has always been difficult. On land, erosion has obliterated almost all trace of the Pleistocene's earliest glaciers. On most parts of the cold, quiet ocean bottom, where remnants of prehistory have survived, ancient sediments have piled up too deeply for convenient study. The cylindrical cores that have been brought up have not reached down to layers deposited at the beginning of the ice age. So scientists have long puzzled over the proper Pleistocene timing; they have wondered whether the start of the ice age came suddenly or



LEN MARTIN

OCEANOGRAPHER ERICSON & CORES
Where are yesteryear's discoverers?



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insidiously, whether its deep chill affected the whole earth.

This week, in the magazine *Science*, Oceanographers David B. Ericson, Maurice Ewing and Goesta Wollin, of Columbia's Lamont laboratory, offer new and promising evidence on all these questions. The oceanographic trio discovered that on sloping parts of the ocean bottom, earthquakes sometimes make the sediments "slump." Layers many feet thick are suddenly stripped away, leaving ancient sediments bare. If enough sediment is removed, the normally inaccessible base of the Pleistocene is left within reach of the oceanographers' tools.

Discoasters' End. After studying more than 3,000 cores brought back by 43 voyages, the Lamont team found eight that seemed to reach back far enough. Four came from near the Bahamas, two from mid-Atlantic, one from near Brazil, and the eighth from the Indian Ocean. All showed a band 4 in. to 6 in. wide marking a sudden change in the remains of small ocean creatures. Below the band the sediment is full of discoasters, the tiny star-shaped fossils of ancient, single-celled plants. Above the band no discoasters can be found. Apparently, they died off suddenly. So did other kinds of tiny, freely drifting creatures, while new kinds appeared just as suddenly.

The oceanographers point out that the discoasters and their associates had thrived for many millions of years in the warm, unchanging oceans before the Pleistocene. The narrow band of sediment in which their extinction is recorded, represents a period of less than 6,000 years, and in this short time—which is almost no time at all on the geological scale—something drastic must have happened to the water in which they lived. Best bet is that the change was a sudden cooling that marked the beginning of the Pleistocene, when the first great glaciers were creeping over the continents. Since parts of the eight cores are missing, the age of the band of extinction cannot be set exactly. But the Lamont men are reasonably sure that it is at least 800,000 years old and may be a great deal older. This is just about enough time for man's ancestors to have developed into true humans.

Inconstant Sun. Why did the earth get suddenly colder? The Lamont men do not know for sure, but they say that the suddenness of the change rules out the rise of new mountain ranges that might have interfered with the free circulation of the atmosphere. That speculation, long popular among scientists, is no longer satisfactory; mountains simply do not grow fast enough.

Dr. Ericson favors a theory that holds that during the ice age the sun went through periods in which it generated less heat. It recovered during the warm interglacial periods and melted most of the glacial ice. But there is no guarantee against another relapse. Modern man may be enjoying an interglacial period that may end at any time. When the chill returns, it will probably send many modern species to join the discoasters.

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THE PRESS

Capitalistic Invasion

"Mr. Roy Thomson," reported London's Sunday Express stiffly, had been to Moscow and had talked to the Soviet Premier. That was about all Lord Beaverbrook's Express cared to report. The Sunday Observer and the Sunday Telegraph were equally vague, identifying Thomson merely as "the Canadian newspaper proprietor." Only in the London Sunday Times did Thomson get the full treatment, and a little more besides. No wonder. The Sunday Times is Roy Thomson's own paper.

Inter-mural jealousy kept Thomson's competitors from reporting a good story. It was typical of the man who owns more papers than anyone else in the world that when he decided to go to Russia, it did not occur to him to go alone; he dreamed up a mass flight of British capitalists. And it was typical of Thomson, too, that he talked the Russians into supplying the plane—a TU-114 turboprop with a seating capacity of 200, the largest passenger plane now flying. That was just the ship for Thomson, a collection of Thomson aides and 138 guests, all from the upper registers of British business: John Bedford of Debenhams (department stores), H. E. Darvill of Barclays Bank, Whitney Straight of Rolls-Royce, Henry Lazell of Beecham, along with representatives of Crosbie & Blackwell, Unilever, Dunlop Rubber, Guinness, Cunard.

Flashy Journalism. The whole trip was nothing short of smashing: a reception by the Foreign Trade Ministry, a lunch with the Union of Soviet Journalists, rubberneck tours of the Kremlin and the Pravda newspaper plant, and finally an audience with Khrushchev himself.

For two hours, the Communist host and his capitalist guest exchanged good-natured gibes, hitting it off quickly when

they discovered that they were born a few weeks apart in 1894. Five times, Thomson suggested vainly that the Premier hold free elections in East Germany, and once Khrushchev called his guest "an exploiter." When Thomson presented Khrushchev with battery-driven watches, his host was suspicious: "Are you sure it is not an infernal machine put together by capitalists to blow up Communism? I will tell my wife to try them on first." Said Thomson: "We don't need any infernal machines to blow up Communism. It will turn into capitalism in due course." Then the two men shook hands, and, after paying the impressive tab at Moscow's Hotel Metropole, Thomson herded his party home to London.

Almost overlooked in the fast weekend transit was the ostensible purpose of the Thomson junket: to celebrate the first anniversary of the Sunday Times's color supplement. This flashy bit of New World journalism had drawn only derogatory cracks and a small hello when Thomson introduced it last year to an England used to tight little Sunday papers. "Roy Thomson has taught us something new in journalism," sneered Beaverbrook: "How we may have color without advertisements or alternately advertisements with color." The first issues were an arty mishmash, and the color supplement staggered along almost exclusively on Roy Thomson's money—\$2,000,000 of it.

But by its first birthday, a junket to Moscow was scarcely needed to call attention to Roy Thomson's magazine section. It is now a brightly edited supplement, featuring such bylines as Ian Fleming and Lord Attlee, and the photography of Henri Cartier-Bresson and Princess Margaret's Lord Snowdon. The Sunday Times circulation is up 150,000 to 1,166,000, making it by far the largest quality Sunday newspaper in London.

Sprawling Empire. Fleet Street's second Canadian invasion is not so drastic as Lord Beaverbrook's arrival from Montreal 52 years ago. But Thomson's takeover is even more impressive. His empire now sprawls across three continents and at least half a dozen countries. Besides his newspapers, it includes radio and TV stations, book publishing houses, and so many magazines and trade journals that Thomson himself has lost track and can only guess at the total. His best guess is "over 80." The week he left for Moscow, Thomson rounded his newspaper collection off to an even 100 by acquiring the Bangkok Post.

If Thomson is after a title, as some say he is, that ambition got a significant boost last fall when he peeled \$14 million from his pile to endow a charitable foundation in his name. The money is earmarked for the sort of things that might well help to land a man in Burke's *Peerage*: the training of journalists and the improvement of communications media in underdeveloped countries, chiefly Africa. Thomson does not deny the ambition, but neither does he profess it. He has told inquirers that he once traced his ancestry back to 1540, "when two of them were hanged for sheep stealing."

He has also told inquirers that he buys more newspapers simply to make more money so that he can buy more newspapers. And that is probably closer to the secret of what makes Roy Thomson run. "The greatest requirement for success is a great determination to succeed," says Thomson. "I decided that I had to work harder than any other man. I think the results have been well worth the effort." After last week, Fleet Street, for all the stingy press notices that it gave Roy Thomson, could only agree.

My Son the Sportswriter

The questions that troubled the typewriters of Washington were fraught, as they liked to say, with significance. Was Cuba a nest of Red missiles—or wasn't it? Had De Gaulle's intransigence undermined NATO? Could Pierre Salinger walk 50 miles? In their cogitation chambers, capital columnists pondered such weighty problems. All but one of the columnists, that is. He climbed into his car one day last week and headed for spring training in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. He bore the improbable name of Shirley Povich and an even more improbable distinction. He not only writes sports for the Washington Post but is also the most popular and most widely read columnist in Washington.

Povich outdraws such punditlike heavyweights as Walter Lippmann, Joseph Alsop and Marquis Childs on their home grounds, and he does so against formidable odds. In the virile environment of the sport section, his first name can only be a liability. He is the only male ever listed in *Who's Who of American Women*, a distinction conferred upon him by accident even though his entry clearly and accurately stated that he is married to a girl named Ethyl. He is the only U.S.



KHRUSHCHEV & THOMSON

Looking on exploiter's infernal machine in the eye.

ROBERT FREEMAN—SUNDAY TIMES, LONDON

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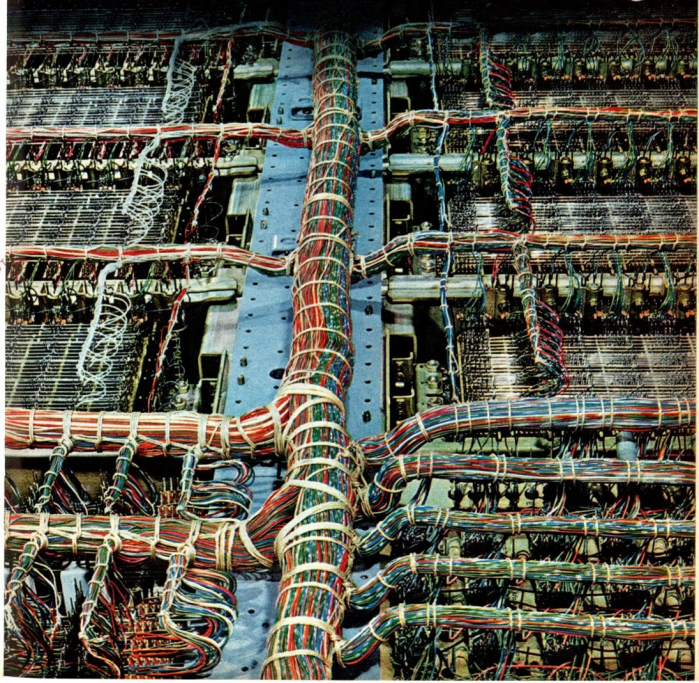
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*From New York, effective April 1, 1963, subject to Government approval



FIRST ON THE ATLANTIC
FIRST ON THE PACIFIC
FIRST IN LATIN AMERICA
FIRST 'ROUND THE WORLD



POST'S POVICH BETWEEN YANKEES DEMAGGIO & BERRA
Flowers for Shirley.

sportswriter who, after checking into a room with a colleague in a Tampa hotel, got flowers from the management. "For Miss Shirley Povich and Mr. Robert Considine," read the note that came with the bouquet. ("I don't know what to say about the morals of that hotel," says Roommate Considine.)

Level Approach. Povich has also surmounted a major hazard of sportswriting in Washington—the fact that he is fated to write so often about losses. He learned his baseball by writing about the Senators, who once spent 16 straight years in the second division. And though that team has since gone to Minnesota to be transformed into the Twins, their Washington replacement lost 191 games last season. There have been times when the capital's pro football team, the Redskins, could manhandle any of the competition. But all too often they would have been given a hard time by a tough football squad captained by Ethel Kennedy.

In such circumstances, Povich has developed a refreshingly level approach to his craft. Other sportswriters tend to search out heroes on the field and to draft purple poetry about them. Povich sees an assembly of grown and muscle-bound men earnestly grunting over a boys' pastime. The sight gives him pleasure. "You learn to detach yourself," he says. "After all, it's only a game. You don't have to live and die every day. If you don't take it seriously, you can have some fun."

Povich gets his fun by gibing not at the performing elephants but at the mahouts. One enduring and vulnerable Povich target is Redskins Owner George Preston Marshall. Well aware of Marshall's reluctance to hire any Negro players,⁹ Povich improvised tellingly and endlessly on the same theme. "There was considerable integration in the Skins' end zone yesterday," went one typical Povich column, noting which Negro on the opposing team had just crossed the Red-skin goal line. When Marshall and his movie-star wife Corinne Griffith (they have since been divorced) took a trip,

Povich reported that Marshall "left town, bag and baggage." Soon after Retired Air Force General Elwood R. Quesada, former chairman of the Federal Aviation Agency, bought into the Senators in 1960, the Post's Povich, egged on by Post Publisher Philip Graham, began complaining. Povich thought that baseball was too important to be entrusted to generals. The Senators finished last in 1962, and Quesada, smarting from numerous Povich attacks, sold out his interest last month for a profit. "The team, like Quesada," exulted Povich, "is richer for his retirement."

Useful Anecdotes. Until 1922, when he was 17, Shirley Lewis Povich's chief claim to renown rested on the fact that he celebrated his bar mitzvah in Bar Harbor, Me. His parents were the only Orthodox Jewish family in the posh town. That summer Shirley caddied so well for the vacationing E. B. McLean that McLean took him back to Washington with him, paid him \$20 a week to caddy and another \$15 a week as a copy boy at the Washington Post, which McLean happened to own. By the age of 20, Povich was the Post's sports editor. The Post was poor then and could not afford the ghost celebrities—Babe Ruth, John McGraw, Adela Rogers St. Johns—that its competition featured. So Povich composed an ad: "Colonel Charles Lindbergh, Vice President Charles Dawes, Almere Simple McPherson and Charles Chaplin will not cover the World Series for the Post! This baseball classic will be covered by our baseball writers!"

Devoted Presidents. In 1935 he gave up the title of sports editor to concentrate on the column "This Morning," which he had been writing for seven years. Its devoted readership has included every U.S. President since Calvin Coolidge. Dwight Eisenhower, who on occasion boasted that he never read the liberal-leaning Washington Post, admitted that he always read the Post's Povich. The brothers Kennedy call Povich columns for anecdotes useful on the sports-conscious New Frontier.

When another Washington paper offered to double his salary, Povich did not even have to inform the Post—which, having heard of the offer, hastened to match it.

⁹ A reluctance that Marshall, after some stern pressure from U.S. Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall, eventually overcame. The Redskins signed their first Negro player in 1961.

MUSIC



BURK UZZLE—BLACK STAR



GEORGE SZELL CONDUCTING
Summoning the hidden voices.



ART GARY

The Glorious Instrument

[See Cover]

In the gilt and white splendor of Carnegie Hall, the little ceremony seemed as homey as a washtub fiddle. "Old Buck-eyes are as proud as can be of this fine, fine orchestra from Cleveland," announced the man from the Ohio Society of New York. "My gosh," answered the man from the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, "we're proud too." The Manhattan audience that had assembled for the first of the Cleveland Orchestra's current series of three New York concerts greeted this dialogue with faint, perfunctory applause. It was in no mood to encourage chatter: there was a great orchestra onstage waiting to be heard.

In seasons past, New Yorkers regularly infuriated Cleveland by suggesting that its orchestra played well in New York only because it was playing in New York; the boys from the provinces always rehearse for months to sound their best when they come to the city. But last autumn, Cleveland joined in the battle of the bands that marked the opening of Manhattan's new Philharmonic Hall and

came away the master of the great orchestras from Boston, Philadelphia and New York. Home-town fans, who had been ardently convinced of Cleveland's orchestral supremacy for years, were suddenly confronted with astonishing international applause, London and Paris had already acclaimed the Cleveland—and New York was chiming in.

Charming & Terrifying. Encouraged by the acclaim, music lovers in Cleveland behave like sports fans elsewhere. They have airport rallies when the orchestra comes home from tour. They chant, "We're the best! We're the best!" and carry placards reading "Bravo!" They have a *Meet Your Orchestra* radio program that features chemistry interviews with tuba players and treats double-bassists like second basemen. They have been known to stop musicians on the street to plead for autographs and crowd the stage door after concerts to shake the hands of fiddlers. And in store windows all over town, they mount pictures of their hero, the glowering, inescapable Maestro George Szell.

In this pep-rally atmosphere, no one is more devoutly convinced of Cleveland's orchestral supremacy than Szell himself, to whom all the excitement is a glowing reflection of his own musical genius. At 65, Szell (pronounced sell) has spent 50 years on the podium, a life cycle that began as *Wanderkind* in Richard Strauss's Germany, then progressed to *enfant terrible* in Szell's Cleveland. He arrived in Cleveland in 1946, pruned and rebuilt the orchestra, educated its audience, charmed its angels, and terrified everyone, until he reached a point of supreme control and superb accomplishment. Now, after 17 years, he calls his orchestra "this glorious instrument—an instrument that perfectly reflects my musical ideals."

To make the Cleveland the peer of the world's old and honored orchestras, he has been hard with his players, cagey with his patrons, and often unkind and intemperate with anyone who finds no place in his scheme of musical excellence. In the process, he has divided the musical world into two camps—Szellots and enemies.

Philadelphia Conductor Eugene Ormandy has sworn him his undying enmity, and a young Western conductor who once

studied with him now says, "Szell is one of the world's great musicians and a cold, cold sonofabitch." But to Szell, such opinions hardly matter. His only concerns are music and his idea of music's greatest instrument, his Cleveland Orchestra. "The balance of musical excellence has recently shifted," he says with an icy smile, "from the East Coast to—the Midwest. A critic has said that."

The balance of excellence had already shifted from Europe's orchestras to America's. It took a long time for Americans to realize this. In their self-consciousness about Old World superiority in culture, they shyly awaited concessions of defeat from abroad before they claimed victory



CONCERTMASTER RAFAEL BRUCHAN AND
ASSISTANT ARNOLD STEINHARDT

at home. In fact, of all Europe's orchestras, only the Berlin Philharmonic and the London Philharmonic are the occasional equals of the five leading American orchestras (see box). And now that Europeans admit it, Americans have begun to brag about it.

Fifty-four years ago, Gustav Mahler, cursing his luck, wrote home to Vienna from his new conductor's office at the New York Philharmonic. "My orchestra," he began, "is the genuine American orchestra, phlegmatic and without talent." However bad it was, though, the grand spectacle of the symphony orchestra, playing heroic classics in the elegance of the concert hall, seemed to suit the American taste better than opera and better, even, than the stage.

In Boston and Philadelphia, society has



TROMBONISTS ROBERT BOYD AND
MERRITT DITTERT

preened itself for concerts ever since their orchestras began playing. Several Main Line families in Philadelphia (where they say "going to orchestra") have held the same seats at the Academy of Music since 1900, and in Boston (where they say "going to symphony"), the Friday afternoon concerts always have an audience filled with Cabots, Lowells, Hornblowers, Forbeses and Websters. No one in Boston cuts the swath of Mrs. Stanley McCormick, however: for years she has bought two season tickets to the symphony's Friday afternoons—one for herself, one for her coat.

Such devotion, of course, is not limited to the big cities or to the grand orchestras. At the turn of the century, there were 30 orchestras in the U.S. and Canada; now there are over 1,200, nearly half of them founded in the past 20 years. Radio and television have crippled the other performing arts, but music's electronic voice has stimulated its audience to come and hear the real thing. "Listen-

cities for afterhours musicians and music lovers. And in a hundred or so cities, they are living centers of culture, sober public trusts as important as the library or the art museum.

Sympathetic Barbers. In its growth, the symphony orchestra is now a voice that is more distinctively American than any other in serious music. Its repertoire is top-heavy with German works (Beethoven is played nearly twice as much as Tchaikovsky, the most popular non-Germanic composer), and it has no hampering patriotic duties to the national culture: it plays very little music written in its own land. But its hybrid birth and its international spirit spare it the national mannerisms that mark most European orchestras, and it plays with a freshness and flexibility that make each orchestra unique.

World War II doubly decimated European orchestras. Battles and the bombing of cities savagely diminished a whole generation of musicians, and in places under Axis control, Jewish musicians disappeared into exile or concentration camps. Of those who survived, many got to the U.S.—a whole new wave of émigré musicians who enriched American musical life. While many of their colleagues at home grew flaccid in chairs guaranteed them by state contracts, in the U.S. they found a spirited and highly competitive atmosphere. They also found a rising climate of orchestral prestige.

The American conductor—a temperamental twin to the operatic tenor—has shared the orchestra's celebrated status; some, indeed, have defined it. In Europe, many a conductor has become a stoop-shouldered civil servant or a traveling virtuosity show. But in the U.S., a first-rank conductor can settle down comfortably, find a sympathetic barber to whom it seems reasonable that he must look even better from the back than he does from the front, and seize the authority to make music in his own style.

If all goes well, several years in the same town give him a closeness to his orchestra that he develops into musical accomplishment—as Paul Paray did in ten years with Detroit, and as Robert Whitney is doing in Louisville, Izler Solomon in Indianapolis and Hans Schwieger in Kansas City. Occasionally, as with Szell in Cleveland, the orchestra's spon-



BASSIST JACQUES POSELL

sors share the maestro's boundless aspirations, and stand back while he takes the orchestra as far from home as its excellence makes it welcome.

He can count on a high place in local society, and, unless he is careful, cuddling up with the dragons and dragon ladies who run so many orchestras can easily do in his music while it velvets his life. In Seattle, Conductor Milton Katims has gently urged his salary up to \$37,500 a year, about as much as the mayor and the school superintendent earn together, and nearly 20 times the pay of the men who fill the back chairs of his orchestra. In San Francisco, conductors come and go at the whim of J. D. Zellerbach and his fearful board, and in Los Angeles, a conductor who does not take tea with "Buffie" Chandler is likely to find himself conducting in Weehawken.

Refined Art. Beyond all that, a conductor has to be alert to troubles within his orchestra. Men who have gone too far in an effort to make music a democracy (as Charles Munch did in Boston and Dimitri Mitropoulos did before he was shooed away from New York in 1958) may find themselves watching helplessly as their musicians betray them in a thousand ways. The New York Philharmonic has made a refined art of ignoring any in-



MYRON BLOOM, FRENCH HORN, AND CLARINETIST ROBERT MARCELLUS

ing to a record on a phonograph," says the assistant conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony, "is like getting kissed over the telephone."

Today, nearly every town big enough to have a ballpark has a symphony orchestra too, though many play just as badly as they did for Mahler. In some places, they are merely the poodles of rich old ladies, who coo over the conductor's accent and glory in the yearly fundraising drive that proves their devotion to the arts. But in other towns, the symphonies are the one cosmopolitan touch that makes life bearable away from the

THE CLEVELAND ORCHESTRA AT HOME



ept visitors among the conductors who substitute for Leonard Bernstein each year: the players keep all eyes studiously away from the podium in hopes of informing the audience that it is hearing their performance, not the maestro's.

The class warfare of musician and conductor is as old as ego. But to Szell, the whole scrap is an empty one. "We are all in the service of music," he says, "and we must approach it with all the good will possible." Because he is the most authoritarian man now conducting, this means play it his way, or else.

Szell harbors a hidden fondness for musicians, but he keeps it under perfect control. At work with his orchestra, he is so immaculately severe that a few players

ly, but his left hand—often called the most graceful in music—is a sculptor's hand, shaping and molding each sound, grasping the fortissimos, summoning the dominant voices and, for excited counter-rhythms and violent colors, fluttering like a bird caught in a storm. "Between conductor and orchestra," Szell says, "a great deal must occur below the conscious level. There must be an understanding that is mystical and even occult. The freshness of the eyes, the mood—each movement must transmit itself to the players as an unmistakable musical signal."

Szell's signals spring from an orderly and highly developed sense of the orchestra, which he regards as an extension of his baton. "My urge to polish and finish

land give its performances a depth of detail and an intricacy that approach chamber music. The "chamber-music sound" is Szell's preoccupation, and before the Cleveland rehearses any new score, Szell adds to it a whole vocabulary of his own signs and symbols that refine the musical directions until the maestro's ideas are inescapable. His musicians respond to his directions with astonishing agility. Once, when Szell assured a guest pianist that the orchestra would follow the piano in the first notes of a concerto, the pianist prankishly swooped into the music at double time; the orchestra spoke back in perfect echo, and Szell beamed with delight from the podium.

New Mozart. With his watchmaker's taste for orderliness and for small details, Szell is misty only about his early years, casting much of his childhood into the narrow closet that contains the very few things he has ever forgotten. He was born in Budapest and grew up in Vienna as the only child of a Hungarian father and a Slovak mother. His father was director of the *Wach-und-Schliess Gesellschaft* ("Wake-Up and Lock-Up Company"), a private door-shaking police force for Vienna's gentry. At four, George expressed both his musical precocity and his podium personality by reaching up and slapping his mother's wrist whenever she struck a wrong note on the piano. Three years later, Szell had two music teachers—two young girls who came to his house every day to discipline his practice and teach him theory—and before he was ten, he was the master pupil of Vienna's famous piano teacher, Richard Robert. The following year, even English papers were calling Szell "the new Mozart."

Szell managed to survive his Vienna days without picking up any *Gemütlichkeit*. A few days before his 16th birthday, his fellow piano prodigy, Rudolf Serkin, noticed some of Szell's own compositions on Professor Robert's desk. Serkin, then only twelve and in deep awe of Szell, took the pieces home and practiced furiously so he could play them for George as a birthday gift. When the day came and Serkin played through his gift, Szell cut him into the carpet by saying "Serkin! How can you play such trash?" The remark still makes Serkin wince, and it still makes Szell chuckle.

In the summer of his 17th year, Szell was vacationing with his family at the Bad Kissingen spa when the conductor of the visiting Vienna Philharmonic was hit in the groin with a tennis ball and knocked out of action. He turned his baton over to Szell, who had been pestering him all summer, and Szell was an immediate success. The following year Szell was in Berlin, appearing as conductor, pianist and composer at a concert of the Berlin Philharmonic. Richard Strauss heard Szell play his transcription of Strauss's *Till Eulenspiegel*, and soon afterward chose him as his assistant in Berlin. Though Szell continued to give occasional piano recitals, he made up his mind to devote himself to conducting from that point on. Today, Szell elaborately insists that he abandoned the piano because a



WELCOMING RALLY FOR ORCHESTRA AT SEVERANCE HALL
Like sports fans elsewhere, they chant and shout and cheer.

complain of his cruelty, hinting darkly that he has driven a musician or two into emergency mental care. Others feel that he is so coldly unresponsive to their feelings that he pushes them past the point of artistic aspiration, rehearsing so much that they pass their peak before concert time. "If you really want to hear how good we are, come to rehearsal," says a Cleveland violinist.

Szell also offends players by being so devoutly musical that at times he is scantily human. When a violinist took a bone-jarring spill down a long flight of stairs, Szell heard about it and asked in horror, "Did he crush his fiddle?" When a visiting member of the Berlin Philharmonic expressed astonishment that Cleveland's musicians would put up with a man like Szell, a Szell man mused: "It's ironic. Over there, they have democracy. Here, we have the Third Reich." To most of the players though, particularly the first-chair men, Szell's demands are justified by Szell's achievements: genius, they are convinced, is its own excuse.

Sculptor's Hand. On the podium, Szell is formal and correct—his beat firm, his style understated. His baton moves stolid-

ly, but his left hand—often called the most graceful in music—is a sculptor's hand, shaping and molding each sound, grasping the fortissimos, summoning the dominant voices and, for excited counter-rhythms and violent colors, fluttering like a bird caught in a storm. "Between conductor and orchestra," Szell says, "a great deal must occur below the conscious level. There must be an understanding that is mystical and even occult. The freshness of the eyes, the mood—each movement must transmit itself to the players as an unmistakable musical signal."

Some critics have found Szell's voice in French music distressingly guttural. Even some of his own musicians are displeased with the maestro's appreciation of the romantic repertoire. When Szell schedules Debussy's *La Mer*, the boys in the bandroom call it "*Das Merde*." Szell's few shortcomings are all in this direction. His music sometimes lacks the panache necessary to take life, the exuberant joy in filling the air with sound that marks the music Boston has heard for years and that Ormandy makes in Philadelphia. Such criticism wins only a lofty bat of the eyes from behind the maestro's thick glasses. "It is perfectly legitimate to prefer the hectic, the arrhythmic, the untidy," he says, "but to my mind, great artistry is not disorderliness."

The articulate clarity and precise balance that Szell has brought to the Clevel-



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In spring, desert poppy fields like this are so big and bright, you see them 10 miles away



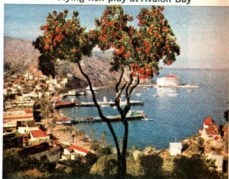
Some missions predate the U. S. A.



This farm grows flowers for their seed



Flying fish play at Avalon Bay



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committee of the world's three greatest pianists called on him and begged him to retire.

Surrender. Szell began to spend his spare time bumming around bandrooms, pestering musicians to teach him the technique of their instruments. At 19 he succeeded Otto Klemperer as principal conductor of the Strasbourg Municipal Theater; at 24 he moved on to Darmstadt, where there was a fresh supply of virtuosos to wheedle. "What stood out in Szell's talent," says his old friend Max Rudolf, now a downstate neighbor as conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony, "was his early genius at reading and remembering musical scores." Szell used that genius for his own amusement—playing full orchestrated scores on the piano in one dazzling transcription that called out all the orchestra's hidden voices. All his life, playing *Till Eulenspiegel* has



SZELL AT TEN
Genius, yes. *Gemütlichkeit*, no.

been almost a hobby with him; at any party, at the faintest invitation, he will sit down and race through the piece, and in the old days, he would run a cuff link down the keys to sound the staccato turns of the ratchet that hangs Till.

Before he was 40, Szell had conducted all Europe's leading orchestras, and it was clear that he was a prodigy who had kept all his promises. He married young, but lost his wife to his ardent first violinist. A few years later, Szell married his present wife Helene, who had two sons by a former marriage. At the outbreak of World War II, the Szells were marooned in New York, and they decided to remain in the U.S. for the duration. Helene's children, however, were left behind. One disappeared during the occupation of France as did Szell's parents, who were presumed to have died in a Nazi concentration camp. The other son rejoined his family in 1945 on the first postwar immigration visa issued in France—a sign that Szell was already in string-pulling position in his new country.

Szell made his New York debut in 1941 as guest conductor of Toscanini's NBC Symphony. A year later he was hired by the Metropolitan Opera, and soon he was busy as a guest conductor of all the major U.S. orchestras and a good many of the



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SZELL (RIGHT) & WIFE (FAR LEFT) AT CLEVELAND ORCHESTRA BALL
Hard Szell with the players, soft Szell with the patrons.

minor ones. The Cleveland appointment was offered in 1946, and after extracting an unconditional surrender on all musical matters from the Cleveland Musical Arts Association,* Szell arrived the following fall to begin the task he had dreamed of all through his gypsy years—"building and shaping an orchestra into an instrument of ideal musicality."

"Something Is Wrong." His techniques were as bold as his ambitions. Though he sacked only twelve of the 94 musicians he inherited, another dozen or so moved on to other orchestras where the pace was gentler. For two or three, the chilly sight of Szell on the podium was an inspiration to give up music for the used-car business.

Unlike Stokowski, who is adept at artful cajolery, or Toscanini, who swore so eloquently in Italian that those who understood him refused to translate for them, Szell is a surgeon of small insults: he freezes musical offenders with a long, unblinking stare. His players call him "Cyclops." He calls first-chair men by their first names, but to others he will simply say, "Clarinet, you're faltering," or "Clean up your sound, Bassoon." For all his cold-eyed demand for perfection, though, to musicians he admires, Szell can be surprisingly warm. "If I play well," says Pianist Leon Fleisher, "he calls me 'Schnozzle.' If I play very well, he calls me 'Schnozzola.' And if I play very, very well, it's 'Schnozzalone.'"

Every so often, the maestro relaxes and shares a joke with his whole orchestra. Szell's gags, when they come, delight his musicians, but more often than not they

also cost him one more friend. When Canadian Pianist Glenn Gould turned up for a rehearsal in Cleveland, he went into his usual piano-bench ritual: up a millimeter, down a smidgen, up just a trifle, down a hair, up . . . Time-and-Motion-Man Szell stared on from the podium as long as he could stand it. At last he spoke: "Perhaps if I were to slice one-sixteenth of an inch off your *derrière*, Mr. Gould, we could begin."

But most often, it is Szell who doesn't get the joke. In 1954, the year Cleveland last won the pennant, Szell's musicians arranged to play *Take Me Out to the Ball Game* at rehearsal by way of celebrating. Szell marched into the hall, mounted the podium, raised his baton and said: "First, Mahler." At the downbeat, Szell was horrified. "No, no, no!" he screamed. "Something is wrong." The crestfallen concertmaster explained, "Ah, a joke," said unsmiling Szell. "Heh, heh, heh." Then right back to work. "First, Mahler."

Imperfect Footing. Szell claims he would have laughed but he did not know the tune. His blessing and his misfortune is that he remains an Old World personality, bridging two cultures, and finding imperfect footing in the new one whenever he runs into anyone less serious and dedicated than he is himself. At the orchestra's Severance Hall, he snoops around the box office and the business office, upsetting secretaries and clerks, all the while musing about "a little legacy left to me by Richard Strauss—always consult the box-office man."

Szell's fascination with the box office is no idle pastime. By quizzing the ticket sellers, he learns how his musical-education program is going and whether the audience is hungry for new music or homesick for old. Though he has encouraged young composers by playing their

works in the height of the orchestra's season, he is generally thought to be a conservative programmer. He worries about encroachments upon the classical repertoire by music's popularizers: he would like to play Dvorak's "*New World*" *Symphony* more often, but now that the magic violinists have had their day with it, it has become almost an embarrassment. "The repertoire is shrinking," he says, "but there is one consolation. Every day new people come to life who have never heard Beethoven's *Fifth*. They are a small benefit of the population explosion." In the music that Szell knows and likes best—Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Haydn, Schumann, Dvorak and Smetana—the Cleveland is hard to beat.

Two Tickets. To those who do not know him, Szell often appears menacing—and to a degree he is. A pair of managers have had their walking papers from Szell. He is a compulsive pedagogue, teaching janitors how to sweep, clerks how to type, chauffeurs how to drive. He looks over press releases and programs; when he walks down the hall and notices a paper in a man's hand he stops and says, "May I?" When he coaxed the management to spend \$200,000 to rebuild the acoustical interior of the orchestra's grandly opulent hall four years ago, predictably, the man who did the job was Szell's man. Predictably, too, the job was an amazing success: the first day of rehearsals, the orchestra nearly deafened itself in the lively new room.

Szell's few close friends in Cleveland say that success has mellowed him, but only rarely do hints of this change drift out to the world at large. On forays into guest-conducting, he always bags a new enemy or two for his trophy room. At the New York Philharmonic, where he will conduct during March, he has always scored low with prideful musicians; when Toscanini died, a musician who was refused an invitation to the funeral said, "All right, but reserve me two tickets for Szell's." In San Francisco, where he broke off a conducting assignment and huffed back to Cleveland, many people remain convinced that his only aim was to embarrass the West Coast orchestra. Such accusations leave Szell almost wordless with dismay: "Oh, my," he will say, "and for once I was trying to be a good boy." Pressed further he retreats into Szellish humor: "The cause of such troubles? Perhaps the incompatibility of the artistic and inartistic temperaments."

Cleveland, he says at every opportunity, "is my home." But the minute his schedule permits, he disappears to Europe, where he plays golf ("gladly but badly") and heckles his wife in the kitchen. He seldom entertains, but when he does his door may open on the maestro smiling absurdly from inside an apron that says "Whoo-pec" across the front. And there is the grand piano, the small treasury of art, the cabinet of great wines, the well-set table. Helene, his wife, is dauntlessly affable, but, try though he will, Szell in company seems to be listening to the interior music that he likes better.

Szell has built his orchestra from 94 to

* No small trick. When Lukas Foss was appointed musical director of the Buffalo Philharmonic last December, the orchestra's executive committee warned him that the box office demanded he play the music of the masters—"not bizarre music or just his own music."

105 players, extended its season from 20 to 26 weeks, signed a brisk recording contract with Epic Records, and won a large new audience for his yearly tours. Associate Conductor Robert Shaw's Cleveland Orchestra Chorus has been increased to 201 members, and it is now nearly the peer of his Choral. The orchestra's women's committee now has 1,500 members, busies itself with sternly taught courses in music appreciation, then goes out to round up contributions to fill in the orchestra's immense deficit. The musicians, astonished at being celebrities, have largely resigned themselves to the occasional

pain of Szell's whip; 67 of them now own homes in Cleveland, butchers wave to them at the supermarket, and, as one says, "even the bank knows you have roots if you're in the orchestra."

Almost Aristotelian. Content that he at last has the glorious instrument he has heard in his inner ear all his life, Szell still works tirelessly, training young conductors, learning new scores. His pedagogy is perfectly undiminished: he gives golf lessons to golfers who play better, teaches tailors how to cut his tails so that the coat will not flap while he conducts: tight armholes, ballooning sleeves.

Occasionally, he gets off an almost Aristotelian aphorism: "Music," he will say, pinching the bridge of his nose, "is indivisible. The dualism of feeling and thinking must be resolved to a state of unity in which one thinks with the heart and feels with the brain."

His demands on musicians are still deadly. While rehearsing the Berlin Philharmonic for a recording some time ago, he worked the players so hard that their manager said: "Come, come, Szell, you're going at this as if it were a matter of life and death." Szell looked stunned. "Don't you see?" he said. "It is! It is!"

THE TOP U.S. ORCHESTRAS

THE five major American orchestras are by general consent the Boston, Philadelphia, New York, Cleveland and Chicago. They share some important characteristics—excellence, prestige and money troubles. Each loses money every season: the New York and Philadelphia, with budgets of around \$2,000,000 each, earn more than 80% of their costs, but the Cleveland, which spends \$500,000 a year less, earns only 47%. All look very much the same, though the Cleveland's violas sit where the New York has its cellos, and Szell uses one more trombone and one less horn than Erich Leinsdorf does in Boston. The Boston has the greatest number of foreign-born musicians with 33, the Philadelphia the fewest with 15. Other distinctions:

The New York Philharmonic is the oldest American orchestra, and by far the most famous. Its concerts have been broadcast on radio for 33 years, and it has 15,000 regular subscribers most of whom never attend a concert but pay \$5 or more each year for program notes to accompany the broadcasts. Its tours have taken it abroad more often than any other orchestra, and its appearances on television (with Leonard Bernstein the lucid, chatty narrator) have won it a wide audience of young people.

But for all its successes, its career has been scarred by long periods of turbulence. Seven seasons under the pleasant direction of Dimitri Mitropoulos dimmed its luster, with audience, musicians and critics all bickering over the orchestra's wayward course. When Bernstein took over in 1958, the Philharmonic began to recapture the audience that it had not had since its "Golden Era" under Toscanini in the '30s. As the only American-born conductor of a major U.S. orchestra, Bernstein brought the Philharmonic new *esprit* and quieted its cranky audience. But soon his St. Vitus conducting technique upset even his fans; to many of them, he seems to be much better at conducting the audience than the orchestra.



LEONARD BERNSTEIN



EUGENE ORMANDY



ERICH LEINSDORF

Bernstein has shown a great flexibility and responsiveness to new programming ideas, and under him the New York Philharmonic has achieved a mastery of modern music, though Bernstein's approach to the classics is sometimes willful and distorted. The brass section is peerless, and the whole orchestra plays with exhilaration and drive. "My objection to some of the big orchestras in this country," Bernstein says, "is that they always sound like the X or the Y orchestra. The point in giving concerts is not to present an orchestra's sound but a composer's sound."

The Philadelphia Orchestra has a sound all its own, though Conductor Eugene Ormandy is ranked by the idea of a "Philadelphia Sound"; it's the "Ormandy Sound," he says. In either case, the Philadelphia often seems like one great violin in the sky. Its lush sound persists deep into the driest classics, where Ormandy, a former violinist and a rhapsodic conductor, finds himself in occasional trouble. But in the immense music that is his specialty, Ormandy is without equal. In the 10th and 20th century showpieces that he likes to conduct, Ormandy joyfully exhibits the great virtuosity of Philadelphia's strings and winds.

Ormandy has led the Philadelphia for 27 years, a longer tenure than that of any other major conductor. He shares with Bernstein an unbounded confidence in his players (though none call him "Gene," as New York musicians call Bernstein "Lenny"); in rehearsals, he treats them with a firm but gentle hand. On the podium, he uses no baton and,

with his right hand liberated, gives his deepest concentration to color and balance. Perhaps as a result, his tempos sometimes drift.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra was the supreme U.S. orchestra under Serge Koussevitsky from 1924 to 1949. Charles Munch, who led the orchestra from 1949 until last fall, allowed its standards to slip somewhat, sparing only the French repertoire as Boston's private domain. Under Erich Leinsdorf, 51, one of the Metropolitan Opera's greatest conductors, the orchestra has already regained a degree of its lost precision of ensemble, and it retains its long reputation as the orchestra richest in virtuosos.

Leinsdorf uses no baton and conducts with a stiff and angular style. His dress coat reaches nearly to his ankles, and from the audience he looks like an aging seaman sending semaphore signals to some distant ship. The Boston has the longest season of all (50 weeks), including Tanglewood in the summer and—for the 92 members willing to play Viennese waltzes and champagne music—a stint with Arthur Fiedler's Boston Pops.

The Chicago Symphony Orchestra has begun a period of transition that could last another three or four years until things settle down. Before his resignation last spring, Fritz Reiner, 74, built the Chicago into one of the best-disciplined orchestras in the world. Chicago's new man, who will arrive next season, is Jean Martinon, 53, a composer and conductor and presently the General Music Director in Düsseldorf. Martinon, a Frenchman, will inherit the most Germanic orchestra outside Germany.

ART

La Plume de Mon Oncle

In the years since his death in 1901, the dwarfish figure of Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec has been surrounded by a fabric of legends—that he was a lecherous troll, happy only when he lived in the midst of a bevy of rowdy streetwalkers; that he was a black sheep and a profligate driven from his home by a wealthy and outraged noble family. The truth of the matter may be quite the opposite, as a show called "Toulouse-Lautrec and His Family" at the Museum of Rennes, France, sets out to prove.

Nearly all the works on view came from widely scattered members of the artist's family, and almost half of them have never before been seen by the public. Though Lautrec's Parisian period—the era of the raffish La Goulue, Valentin the Boneless, and high-kicking Jane Avril—was largely responsible for his fame, it is apparent that his childhood on the family estate in southern France shaped his destiny. The show in Rennes is a warm-hearted family album of portraits and sketches of the people and things that surrounded the crippled painter after he fell off a chair at the age of 13 and was doomed to live the rest of his days as a short-legged, gloriously talented freak. "L'Oncle Henri," says Lautrec's niece, Countess Attems, "is as alive in my memory as though I had seen him yesterday. Afraid of him? Was Snow White frightened by her dwarfs?"

The family is an ancient and illustrious one: Lautrec's armor-clad ancestors went on the Crusades, his rich grandfather, father and uncles, all did their bit toward the greater grandeur of France. They were artists, too, as proved by their sketches of hunting scenes and country life, which are included in the exhibition. Says Count Robert de Toulouse-Lautrec, the painter's cousin and closest survivor: "Perhaps if Henri had not been deformed, he would have become a diplomat or an officer. But he certainly would have painted too."



Baj's "GENERAL"
Barefoot in the wine.

Brass in Brocade

Enrico Baj, 38, remembers as a teenager in Milan during World War II seeing resplendent Fascist generals swarming in the streets like Fiats. He has never liked military brass since, and is appalled by the way the world is again accepting "as reasonable and respectable the utterances and actions of these people," apparently drawing little distinction between Fascist and any other kind of general. His painting runs largely to poking fun at stuffed shirts in medal-festooned tunics. On parade last week at the Manhattan gallery of Cordier & Ekstrom were half a dozen Baj generals, joined by other adroit spoofs in cloth, glass, paint and wood.

Baj's father, mother and sister are engineers, and in an effort to hold his own in such a professional household he trained for medicine and then switched to law. He practiced law desultorily, but much preferred to haunt the artists' cafés of Milan. In one of them, while sitting on a barrel with his feet in a basin of white wine, Baj (pronounced buy) met a painter named Sergio Dangelo. He dropped the law, took up art full time, and joined Dangelo in forming something called the "Nuclear Movement" in painting.

Baj, who nowadays keeps his shoes on, is a little embarrassed about the movement: "We tended to draw mushrooms." But his youthful willingness to experiment led him to some novel materials for collage: broken glass, nails, bones, metal and cloth—cloth that reminded him of the brocade chairs, heavy draperies, dust-catching wall hangings of a century-old villa in the Italian lake country, where his family used to spend the summer.

Cloth is the chief material for his generals. Some of them, like *Portrait of a General* (1961), are uniformed in camouflage colors, their swollen chests decorated with real ribbons, braid and buttons. (The eyes are real watch faces.) The backgrounds, like those of most of his works,

are remnants of fancy brocade, scraps of mattress ticking. He uses felt for faces, slopping on features with paint; sometimes the mouths have shards of glass for teeth, bits of lace for noses.

He also provides his generals with ladies. In one collage, *Dressed Woman*, a star-shaped collar of jet beads crowns a pom-pom fringe gathered around a rosette that might represent a nose. *Look into My Eyes* is a funny felt face with cut-glass-mirror eyes, a rose for a nose.

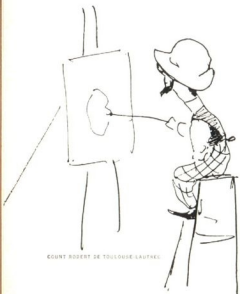
Last year Baj, touring Russia, happened to drop in at Moscow during a military celebration, and found it not unlike Milan during the war. "There they were," he chuckles, "all those generals again, with their chests covered in medals."

From El Greco to Goya

Rounding up a collection of classic Spanish painting has never been an easy task—outside Spain. In Europe, Spanish work was almost unknown until after Napoleon's looting and the later purchases of Louis Philippe gave France and Austria a chance to assemble collections. Madrid's Prado gallery, of course, still has the most. In the U.S., where collectors equipped with bulging pocketbooks and ranging tastes assiduously bought up Spanish masterpieces in recent generations, there are a number of good private and public collections to draw from. It is from these that the show "El Greco to Goya," which opened last week at Indianapolis' John Herron Museum of Art, was borrowed—the biggest and best gathering of classic Spanish work in this country.

All the big names are there. Four familiar-looking Velázquez portraits add their placid luster to the candid Goyas and the anamorphic El Greco's. Glimpsed as a whole, the exhibition has an almost rotogravure quality in the predominant browns and blacks of the backgrounds, the dramatic lighting that seems to spotlight colorful details like the little nose-gay on the staff of Ribera's *Saint Joseph* (opposite). Landscapes are notably missing: Spanish painters were mostly interested in painting people rather than scenery. But religious subjects, redolent of the mystery and aspiration that typified every Spaniard's day-by-day point of view, abound. Murillo's *Christ After the Flagellation* (overleaf) has a tragic, mystic quality. On the other hand, Zurbarán's *St. Francis Praying*, painted around 1650, is a surprisingly sophisticated example of religious preoccupation; St. Francis seems almost like a zealot interrupted at prayer and, like many old Spanish works, the picture looks surprisingly modern.

The least typically Spanish work is that of Juan van der Hamen y León, whose father was a Flemish painter in Madrid. Completely Flemish in technique and approach, Van der Hamen had a tremendous influence in forming the school of Spanish still-life painting that later developed with Meléndez, De Loarte and even Goya. After the show closes in Indianapolis in late March, it will go to the Museum of Art of the Rhode Island School of Design in Providence for a month, and then be dispersed again to its scattered owners.

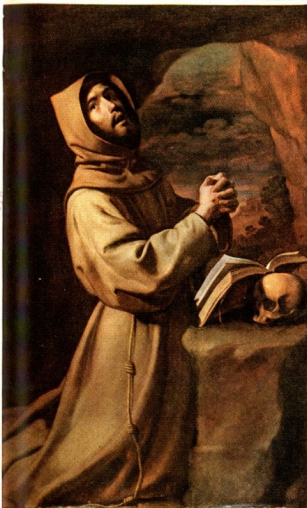


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"ST. FRANCIS PRAYING," painted by Zurbaran with dramatic highlighting, is one of 81 works by Spaniards at John Herron Museum of Art in Indianapolis.

LO SPAGNOLETTA, "The Little Spaniard," was the nickname of Jusepe Ribera, who spent most of his life in Italy. Ribera's study of *Saint Joseph* holding his garlanded staff is a masterpiece of piety.

TAPT MUSEUM, CINCINNATI



A PLAIN, PLUMP LADY—and she knew it—was Queen Maria Luisa. Francisco Goya painted her that way, and while the portraits were not flattering, the queen said she was pleased.

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BARTOLOME MURILLO specialized in religious paintings, such as *Christ After the Flagellation*, for Seville's churches and monasteries.

JUAN VAN DER HAMEN Y LEON, who was born in Madrid in 1596, left the mark of his Flemish heritage in still lifes that were his forte.

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The Ministers of Tomorrow

"Piety is no substitute for learning," says Executive Secretary John P. Clelland of Philadelphia's Westminster Theological Seminary. "We think that the Christian religion is true and capable of intellectual defense." Most modern Protestant congregations, heavily salted with college-educated people, would agree—and wonder whether the supply of future ministers is able enough and numerous enough. The answer, gathered by TIME correspondents reporting on the country's major Protestant seminaries, is that there is plenty of quality enrolled there, but not enough quantity.

"Students who are interested in the ministry are among the ablest, most perceptive and well-balanced" of the nation's young men, says Union Theological Seminary's President Henry P. Van Dusen. "The men who come here to study do not come to escape society," adds President Alvin N. Rogness of St. Paul's Lutheran Theological Seminary, "but to engage it with vital issues." In one recent year, a third of the students at Yale Divinity School were Phi Beta Kappas; of 39 students who entered Austin (Texas) Presbyterian Theological Seminary last year, 13 had IQs of 130 or more. At Vanderbilt, reports Dean William C. Finch, seminarians are "as a group equal to or better than" other graduate students.

Standing Still. But if they like the looks of the new crop, seminary officials are not happy about its size. Seminary enrollment has hovered steadily around 20,000 since 1956, and the number of vacant manse grows larger each year. "There is no cause for satisfaction," warns the scorekeeper of the profession, Dr. Charles Taylor of the American Association of Theological Schools. "We've got to do more than mark time."

The marginal denominational seminaries are the ones mostly marking time. The big ones are getting bigger. The interdenominational elite—Harvard, Yale, Chicago and Union—get more than they can take. At the University of Chicago Divinity School, reports Dean Jerald Brauer, applications are 90% higher than at the same time last year.

Talent Raids. Seminary officials feel that hundreds of potential ministers are sidetracked to secular fields that offer opportunities for service—the Peace Corps, for example. As a result, many divinity schools are now openly—and successfully—recruiting students of promise. Fuller Theological Seminary in Pasadena gets 200 inquiries a year in response to its evangelical ads in religious journals, has six part-time recruiters who tour campuses in search of potential ministers. The director of admissions at Austin Presbyterian Theological Seminary travels more than 5,000 miles a year visiting churches and colleges in the Southwest.

Seminaries also compete—fiercely—for "name" theologians; Austin's President David Stitt complains that "it's worse than the used-car business." Perhaps the most ambitious talent-raiding these days is done by Chicago, which recently has signed up Paul Tillich from Harvard, Langdon Gilkey from Vanderbilt, Charles Stinnette from Union, and Joseph Hauerott from nearby McCormick Theological Seminary (although it lost Lutheran Church Historian Jaroslav Pelikan to Yale).

"Internship" Is In. Professional mobility is easier than it used to be, because most seminaries have reached a consensus on curriculum: plenty of theology and a minimum of how-to courses (although Chicago's famed Moody Bible Institute still offers a two-year "pre-aviation" course for flying missionaries). The trend now is to systematic theology, Biblical criticism, New and Old Testament languages—and to a study of the most vital ideas found in modern secular thought. Princeton's Dr. Hugh Kerr uses jazz recordings and slides of modern art in his classroom discussions of religious symbolism. "There is no sense in showing a seminarian how to hold a baby for baptism—he'll learn that later," says Dean John Bowen Coburn of Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, Mass.

Students do get practice. "The big word now is internship," says President Stuart Anderson of the Pacific School of Religion. Cambridge Episcopal requires its students to spend a summer interning in hospitals and prisons. Lutheran seminarians from Concordia in St. Louis visit general or mental hospitals weekly for lectures on practical psychology. William

B. Abernethy, 23, of Union Theological, is typical of those who found some of their preconceptions shattered; when he conducted a Bible study class with a group of East Harlem housewives, he says, marveling. "These women would come up with insights more profound and incisive than my own."

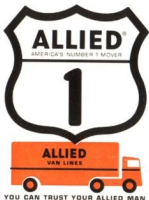
The attitude of theological students these days, says Chicago's Brauer, is "deeply skeptical, but searching." Harvard's Dr. J. Lawrence Burkholder finds that "almost all the students are somewhat apprehensive when it comes to their faith." Many find serious gaps in the theology that comes to them across the lectern. Says George Pickering, 25, a senior at Chicago: "Problems like disarmament, radiation—they so transcend the kind of 'shall I spit at my aunt?' kind of ethics that we're lost. Ethics have been boxed in over the ages into a kind of gentility."

Barth, Bultmann, Bonhoeffer. The familiar names of contemporary theology—Tillich, Barth, the two Niebuhrs—remain the intellectual staples of the seminaries, but some students feel that there is not enough communication between U.S. and European theologians, and Robert B. Shepard Jr., 27, a senior at Southern California School of Theology, complains of "a serious lag in American theological thought."

At the Candler School of Theology in Atlanta, the students and faculty are caught up in a long-running debate on the value of West Germany's Rudolf Bultmann and his "demythologizing" of the Gospels. Another thinker in vogue is Dietrich Bonhoeffer, a theologian of Christian ethics who was killed by the Nazis in 1945. Recently at Cambridge Episcopal, five students asked the faculty to organize a special course on Bonhoeffer. Students also get absorbed in ecumenism. Episcopal has a seminar comparing recent Anglican and Roman Catholic theology, and students from Union and the Catholic Maryknoll Fathers' seminary at Ossining, N.Y., have exchanged informal weekend visits to discuss the common bases of their faith.

"The seminarian today," says Union's James Livingston, 32, "is not motivated by the need for 'success.'" Yale's Claude R. Peters, 25, who graduated with a major

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in biology and a Phi Beta key, "prayerfully re-examined myself and came to the conviction that my own particular talents and abilities could serve God and man better in the ordained ministry." His brains and scientific background should make Peters one of the better intellectual defenders of Christianity in the years ahead.

**ROMAN CATHOLICISM
Kremlin Cooperation**

Pope John XXIII, for all of his dislike for Communism, is willing to be polite about it. Gone is the defiance that Pius XII used to hurl at the Kremlin; instead Rome makes such amicable gestures as inviting Russian Orthodox observers to the Vatican Council. Last week the Pope produced in Rome a living gain from his policy of easing tensions: Ukrainian Archbishop Josyf Slipyi of Lvov, freed after 18 years of Soviet confinement.

The spiritual leader of the Ukraine's 2,000,000 Byzantine-rite Catholics, tall, bearded Archbishop Slipyi, 71, is a Jesuit-trained theologian who was elevated to the episcopacy in 1939. Slipyi (pronounced sleep-pay) protested a postwar Russian attempt to force Byzantine-rite Ukrainians into the Russian Orthodox Church, and in 1946 was imprisoned, charged with "political crimes during the German occupation." Confined to a tiny cell with four Catholic priests, he said Mass in secret, using dried crusts of bread for hosts and wine made by letting grapes and raisins ferment in a glass. In 1953 his hard-labor sentence was reduced to house arrest in Lvov, but two years later, Slipyi was shipped to a Siberian old people's home, where he was put to work as a servant.

Meeting with Two Russians, Slipyi's release is the diplomatic handiwork of two close Curia friends of Pope John—Augustin Cardinal Bea, chief of the Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity, and Gustavo Cardinal Testa, secretary of the Sacred Congregation for the Oriental Church, which supervises Byzantine-rite Catholics. Late last November, Bea arranged a quiet meeting between Testa and the two Russian observers at the Vatican Council. Testa smoothly pointed out that the Pope had officially disavowed a protest prepared by a group of Ukrainian bishops at the council objecting to the presence of the Russians, tactfully brought up the subject of Archbishop Slipyi's long confinement. The Russians promised to do what they could, and last month notified Cardinal Bea that Slipyi would be freed. A fortnight ago, Bea's chief assistant, Dutch Monsignor Jan Willibrands, flew secretly to Moscow, escorted Slipyi by train to Vienna and then on to Rome. Slipyi had a personal audience with the Pope, has since been resting at the Byzantine-rite monastery of Grottaferrata, 15 miles southeast of Rome. He hopes eventually to return to Lvov.

Only the Beginning. The Vatican regards Slipyi's release as only the beginning. "This was a simple act of personal



ARCHBISHOP SLIPIY & FRIEND
Out from Siberia.

respect by the Russian government for Pope John," says one Vatican official. "It also gives us hope that other negotiations will work out." There is little doubt as to who would be the subjects of other negotiations: Hungary's Josef Cardinal Mindszenty, a political refugee in the U.S. legation at Budapest since the 1956 uprising, and Archbishop Josef Beran of Prague, who was seized by Czech Communists in 1950, has not been heard from since.

Silencing the Outspoken

Father John Courtney Murray, S.J., is the foremost U.S. Catholic student of the intellectual problems surrounding church-state relations. His fellow Jesuit, Father Gustave Weigel, is a ranking expert on ecclesiology and ecumenism, and a consultant to the Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity. Father Godfrey Diekmann, of St. John's Abbey in Minnesota, is a distinguished Benedictine liturgical scholar. Swiss-born Hans Küng of the University of Tübingen is one of the most exciting Catholic thinkers to emerge from Germany since World War II, and one of the select few official theologians at the Council. The books of these men have all been published with episcopal imprimaturs, testifying to their doctrinal orthodoxy.

Last month the Graduate Student Council of Catholic University in Washington submitted all these names on a list of a dozen speakers it proposed to invite for an extracurricular lecture series. Last week Monsignor Joseph McAllister, the university's vice rector, acknowledged that he had rejected Murray, Weigel, Diekmann and Küng. Reason: all have been "outspoken on matters of concern to the Vatican Council" (which is currently in adjournment), and he did not think that the university should give them a public platform.

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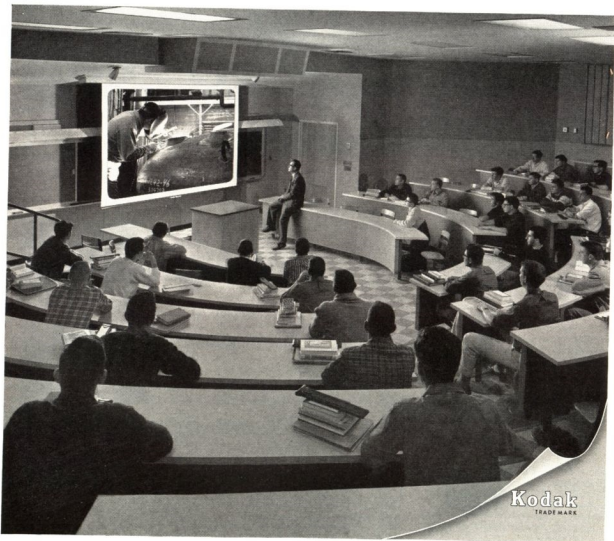
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MEDICINE

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Flu & Paraflu

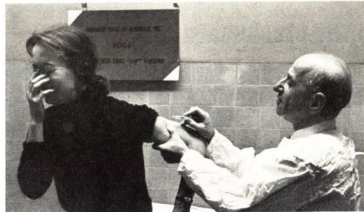
The symptoms seemed to extend from coast to coast—sore throat, a cough, runny nose, varying degrees of fever—and there were sensationalized press reports of a "deadly threat to the elderly" and a "nationwide epidemic."

Thousands of Americans, mostly in the Eastern states, were down last week with something loosely described as flu. The U.S. Public Health Service, on guard against a new epidemic of the Asian flu, which first appeared in 1957, renewed its standard warning to groups of vulnerable people—pregnant women, patients who already have heart or lung disease, and the

than the usual winter run of colds and gripple, with negligible absenteeism and no known cases of Asian flu.

In New York City, thousands of adults complained of flu—some of them rightly so, said the city health department after the presence of Asian virus had been confirmed. More than 100 children in one institution were affected. Predictably, some patients, who were already weak when the flu struck them down, contracted a second (bacterial) infection and pneumonia. As a result, the city's death rate rose, but not nearly as much as it had in the flu epidemics of 1957-58 and 1960.

Partial Immunity. Most alarming to many doctors was a New York City outbreak of bronchiolitis and viral pneumonia



FLU SHOT AT NEW YORK CITY HEALTH DEPARTMENT
A standard warning for a nonstandard epidemic.

elderly—to get flu shots. Among children, much of the illness was of an old type, though one so recently distinguished from other diseases by medical scientists that it is not yet listed in the standard medical texts or dictionaries; parainfluenza. The same disease is also suspected in some adult illnesses.

Spotty by Cities. The geographic spottiness of the outbreaks confused public health authorities, and laboratory workers had the tedious job of identifying submicroscopic viruses in the laboratory to decide which of them were responsible for a particular patient's illness. The Asian A-2 strain of influenza virus has been identified in enough cases to convict it as the chief culprit in North Carolina's heavy outbreak of flu in January. The virus apparently spread to adjacent Virginia and South Carolina, and the University of Georgia had a local incident. Farther west, there were confirmed outbreaks at Great Lakes Naval Training Center in Illinois, at the University of Michigan, and in Kansas.

Maryland has had heavy absenteeism in schools and colleges; more than 300 of Baltimore's 3,740 policemen did not show up for duty. But Philadelphia, only 100 miles away, seemed to have nothing worse

among children. Some hospitals reported them twice as prevalent as ever before. And for this the Asian A-2 virus was not to blame. In many cases, the guilty microbe was one of the parainfluenza viruses.

There are three such viruses, distinguished by numbers.* Parainfluenza 1 was first called Sendai virus, after the Japanese city where it was originally isolated. It is close enough kin to the true flu viruses to have once been called influenza D. It has now been found around the world. At one time or another, nearly every child in the U.S. gets infected with paraflu 1, and the illness is most likely to be severe in the very young. The resulting antibody may last a lifetime, but gives only partial immunity: an adult can be reinfectured with the same virus, though he may get nothing worse than a cold.

Parainfluenza 2 is one of the common

* Medical scientists themselves have added to the confusion with an overlap of names. In 1892 a German researcher thought the cause of influenza was a bacillus, and named it *Haeemophilus influenzae*. That bacillus is now known to cause infections in some flu victims, but only coincidentally. In 1922 a related bacillus, found in the throats of both cats and man, was named *Haeemophilus parainfluenzae*, but has nothing to do with diseases now known to be caused by viruses.

causes of croup in children. Whether it can reinfect them or attack adults is not yet known. Parainfluenza 3 behaves much like type 1. But all these viruses are so new to science that medical researchers still do not know such important details as the differences in their incubation periods after they infect a victim. New York City's concurrent outbreaks of flu and paraflu may provide some useful clues. Pediatricians have noted that parents tend to come down with a moderately severe illness about six days after a child gets sick.

TOXICOLOGY

Deadly Cookies

Of all the poisons man has concocted to combat his insect and rodent enemies, thallium sulfate is one of the most potent. Vermin can hardly stay away from it; they go right on nibbling baits containing the chemical until they have absorbed a fatal dose. Trouble is, children are likely to do the same, because thallium-sulfate baits are often put up in the shape of doughnuts or made of crumbled cookies. Last week, after years of tracking down victims of infantile curiosity, the A.M.A. *Journal* reported that nine Texas children died of proven thallium-sulfate poisoning between 1954 and 1959, and at least 26 others suffered lasting brain damage. Other cases have been reported from New York to Oregon, but they are most common in the South, where pesticides are most needed. U.S. Public Health Service researchers and their Texas colleagues report that "disturbing numbers of cases are still occurring throughout the Southern states."

Thallium sulfate (the inexpensive salt of a metal akin to lead) was used by some dermatologists as late as 1940 to make a patient's hair fall out—which made it easier to treat ringworm of the scalp. After such treatment hundreds of patients became ill, and scores died. Thallium salts were shunted from the medicine cabinet to the poison shelf. In 1957, the Texas legislature cut the allowable dose of thallium sulfate in a rat-poison mixture from 3½ to 1½; the U.S. Department of Agriculture did the same in 1962. But even the weaker mixture is dangerous; it takes only half an ounce of chemically adulterated cookies to kill an average three-year-old. And 15 of the cases in the A.M.A. *Journal* study developed after the new law was passed.

Besides the nine children who died, the other 26 were found—months or years after their accidental poisoning—to be suffering from uncontrolled and abnormal movements, severe mental illness or retardation, or combinations of these handicaps. Several of the children had to be sent to institutions for the mentally retarded. Since no safe and effective treatment for thallium poisoning has yet been perfected, doctors say that the only way to protect children against it is to forbid completely the use of thallium sulfate in preparations for household use.



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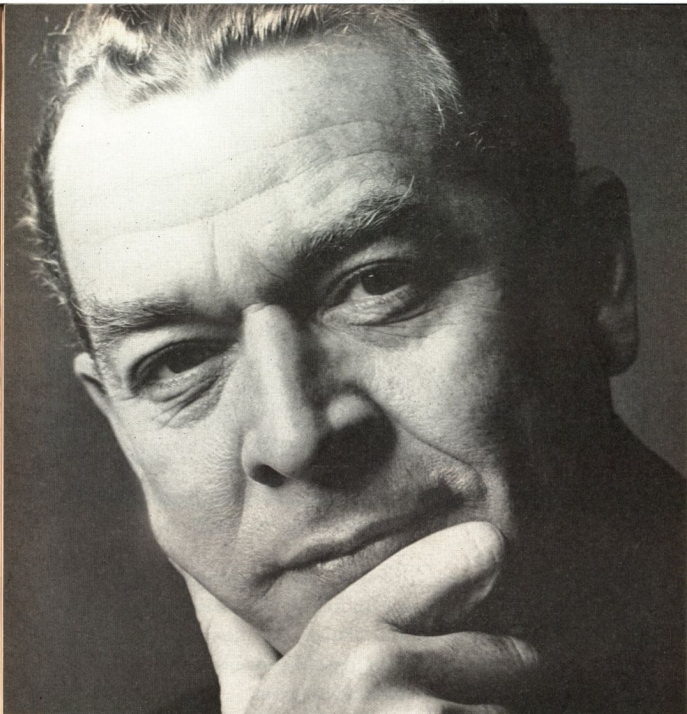


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TIME, FEBRUARY 22, 1963



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THE THEATER

Atrocity Stories

Andorra and The Firebugs. Swiss Dramatist Max Frisch dropped a couple of tons of irony on the New York theater last week, but the only one who got crushed was the playwright. Advance fanfare had it that Frisch, highly regarded and much produced in Europe, was the equal of his fellow countryman Friedrich Dürrenmatt (*The Visit*). Rarely has anticipation been so swiftly disabused.

Andorra, which closed at week's end, was about anti-Semitism, chauvinism, responsibility, guilt, and identity. *The Firebugs*, still flickering, is about action, appeasement, war, and middle-class morality. Like Dürrenmatt, Frisch has a dour and sardonic vision of existence; unlike Dürrenmatt, he is maddeningly repetitive. What he spent more than four hours saying in his ear-bending, double-entry U.S. debut was once compressed by Alexander Hamilton into a single pungent sentence: "The people is a great beast."

People are beasts, in *Andorra*, for committing or permitting atrocities like the Nazi massacre of the Jews and then disowning responsibility for it. They are beasts, in *The Firebugs*, for giving arsonists the housework and the matches to set the world ablaze while they underhandedly pursue business as usual. The paradoxical difficulty is that Frisch hopes to arouse the conscience of the beast after demonstrating at tedious length that the beast has no conscience.

Show Bet

Photo Finish. Peter Ustinov, writer, director and star of this comedy, remains mute for the first five minutes of it. Propped up by a pillow, he half-sits, half-lies in bed, a snow wreath of great age framing his petulantly mischievous features. He looks like a cross between a grumpy polar bear and a tipsy Greek philosopher. As his equally ancient wife ("a nagger's nagger") frets, scolds, and pokes at him, Ustinov's countenance becomes a weather map of changing frustrations. His eyes ski off at rakish tangents. His jaw chops erratically over what could be a mouthful of elastics. His arms and fingers do little arcs and spins like dangling mobiles. Even after Ustinov begins to speak, these body ties go on, and it is a tribute to Ustinov as a mugger's mugger that he gets laughs out of them long after the novelty has worn off.

The novelty of the play wears more slowly but less well. It is Ustinov's clever conceit to do a kind of drawing-room philosopher's Ages of Man; Old Sam (Ustinov) at 80 is confronted with himself at 60, 40, 20, and even as a baby. The four grown Sams share the stage together, and with all the amusing ironies of hindsight and foreknowledge relive key episodes in their communal life. Sam at 20 (John Horton) is an ardent lyric poet and marathon runner, at 40 (Donald Davis) a disgruntled fictional crafts-

man of obscure worst-sellers, at 60 (Dennis King) a rich, popular hack novelist and flagging voluptuary. Old Sam is still trying to learn the lesson of his life as the four Sams discuss marriage, mistresses, goals and the gulf between father and son, a relationship vividly accented by Paul Rogers' portrayal of a paternal Victorian martinet. Ustinov's conclusions are not startling; that young radicals become old conservatives, that sons understand and forgive their fathers too late; that marriage is more a football than an Elysian field. The comedy's chief impression is faintly melancholy, that man is a



USTINOV IN "PHOTO FINISH"
A mugger's mugger.

hostile, disdainful stranger to himself at any age except his present age.

Heavy on talk, *Photo Finish* needed to approximate the Shavian paradox or the Wildean epigram. But Ustinov's dialogue tends to be smart rather than sharp, cracks wise when it should be wise. *Photo Finish* is not about to take win or place in the dramatic sweepstakes, but it is a safe, friendly show bet.

Bosh Unlimited

Lorenzo, a four-performance fatality, marked the uptown debut of Off-Broadway's highly promising Jack (*The Prodigal*) Richardson, but his play gluted the Broadway commodity exchange with pretexts bosh delivered in bloated rhetoric. A Renaissance acting troupe caught in the crossfire of a small war in north Italy provided the forum for a general, kinesthetically acted by Fritz Weaver, and an actor, lushly hammed by Alfred Drake, to debate the play's theme, which was either the futility of war and the durability of art or the futility of art and the durability of war, playgoer's choice.



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MILESTONES

Born. To Moira Shearer, 37, titian-haired British ballerina-actress (*The Red Shoes*) and Ludovic Kennedy, 43, radio and TV broadcaster and sometime Liberal politician: their fourth child, first son; in Amersham, Buckingham.

Married. Paul Anka, 21, rock 'n' rolling-in-it boy millionaire; and Anne DeZogheb, 20, Egyptian-born French model; in Paris.

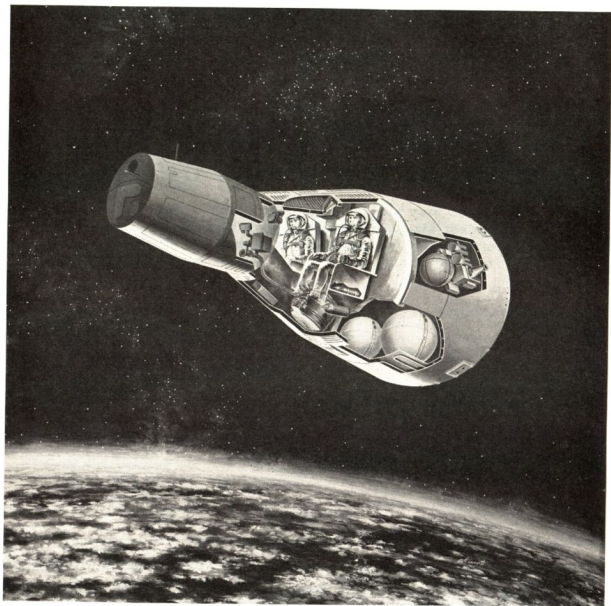
Married. Louis Prima, 51, gravel-voiced bandleader who made such jumpy music with Keely Smith that, until their 1961 divorce, they were the hottest husband-wife act in show biz; and Gia Maione, 21, onetime Howard Johnson's hostess and Prima's new thrush; he for the third time; in Gardnerville, Nev.

Died. Colonel Ketsana Vongsouvanh, 35, second-in-command to Neutralist Laotian Army General Kong Le, one of the original 17 officers who helped Kong Le carry out his 1960 *coup d'état*, a man considered violently anti-American until last year when he reportedly began reversing his ideas; by assassination (he was shot in the back while relieving himself behind his home); in Phongsavan at Plaine des Jarres. The murder, widely believed to be the work of the pro-Communist Pathet Lao, happened only 36 hours after Neutralist Premier Souvanna Phouma left on a world tour.

Died. Oskar Helmer, 75, Austrian patriot and former Interior Minister (from 1945 to 1959) a courageous pro-Western Socialist who firmly purged the police and security forces of Communist agents during the post-World War II occupation, thereby helping to avert a Czechoslovakia-style Red takeover of the country; of cancer; in Vienna.

Died. Robert Rice Reynolds, 78, windy former Senator from North Carolina known as "Our Bob" to his admiring constituents and "Buncombe Bob" to his Hill colleagues, who in two terms (1933-45) earned a well-deserved reputation as the Senate's champion international joy-kunker while voting its isolationist line; of cancer; in Asheville, N.C. A charming, five-times-married ladies' man and wisecracking speaker, "Our Bob" finally decided to retire in 1944 when words proved no longer enough, heeding one North Carolinian's remark: "In wartime you've got to give up luxuries, Bob is just about the easiest to give up I can think of."

Died. John Henry Taylor, 91, Britain's grand old man of golf and five-time British Open champion, a fierce yet always gentlemanly competitor who with Countrymen Harry Vardon and James Braid dominated the game in the early 1900s and led in the founding of the Professional Golfers' Association of Great Britain; in Northam, Devon.



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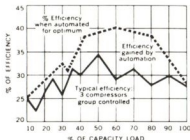
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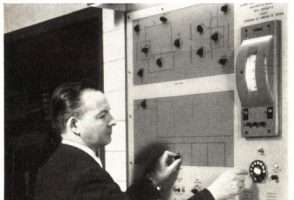
So new developments make more automation practical for buildings of all sizes, new or being modernized.

Often pays for itself in as little as 3 to 5 years

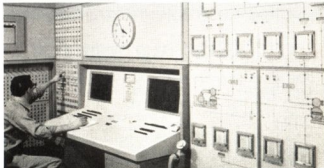
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For stores and shops. This compact Honeywell control panel makes it simple to adapt air conditioning to changing needs in Fred Harvey restaurant, NW Tollway, near Chicago. This type is often ideal for other small buildings such as stores, apartments, motels and clinics. It can include fire and security systems, other functions.



For office buildings and institutions. In Chase Manhattan Bank, New York, two Honeywell Selectographic DataCenters supervise air conditioning, many another function. An 11th floor center handles lower part of building, a 31st floor center the rest of the 64 stories. One man in 11th floor center can view any of 17 floor plans, 37 systems; stop any of 71 fans, 16 pumps; check temperatures in 400 areas, raise or lower them in 200; make a continuous record of any 20 of 732 key temperatures. A conventional panel for the same duties would be 70 ft. long. This Honeywell setup is less than 17 ft., including a 732-station recorder.

Temperature, humidity: From a central control panel distant temperatures and humidities can be read and corrected.

Equipment surveillance: Automatic pinpointing of off-normal conditions eliminates human error. Includes monitoring of steam and water pressures, etc.

Building security, fire alarm systems: New electronic, sonic and other detectors that see and hear in the dark or far away; spot even a wisp of smoke that signals a fire; or feel presence of an intruder even approaching a security zone.

Clock systems and programming: Start-stop of equipment at proper time, in proper sequence. Built-in memories to do the right thing after power failure.

Automatic data logging: Recorders provide system information, can produce costing-billing and make possible systems analysis.

These are only a few of Honeywell's automation capabilities. Only an analysis of your building will show which you can most profitably use, and how.

Savings may be greater than you expect

One of America's best known building managers says: "Many of us would be shocked at costs we're footing—if we only stopped to analyze and find the leaks."

For instance, in many typical installations today, Operator John Doe can spend hours starting, checking and stopping equipment.

But by glancing at simple graphic lay-outs of each system on a Honeywell control center, John Doe could start the machinery, listen to it on an audio system and note pressures and temperatures. Shutdown is just as simple. This can be a real cost saving.

Are some new buildings obsolete before completion?

Despite swift progress in equipment for automation, 3 out of 4 commercial buildings going up today lack automated controls such as Honeywell offers. One conclusion is that many of them, despite handsome facades and lobbies, are operationally obsolete before completion.

While automated control may be added later, it will then cost more, plus the loss meanwhile in "hidden" costs such as:

- Wasted manhours in walking tours, adjusting equipment, logging data.
- Lost time avoidable by preventive maintenance made easier by central control.
- Time lost by maintenance on an arbitrary guesswork scheme instead of an optimum program keyed to need. (The latter is made possible by system analysis that detects a drop in efficiency, warns when it's time for a checkup, and helps avoid costly breakdowns.)
- Lost hours caring for complaints—often, too late to mollify the complainers—that are minimized by modern automation.

All in all, in many an existing building, the owner is *paying* for automation whether he has it or not. And *actually* paying more if he doesn't have it.

Modern automation began with this thermostat

You probably know this thermostat—the Honeywell Round. Maybe it never occurred to you that the first Honeywell thermostat was the real ancestor of building automation. But it is. Its principle is the common denominator of automating industrial processes, space guidance systems or a building.

And you can expect Honeywell, as an automation pioneer, to serve you better than any other company with the right control systems, *properly integrated*, for best results. Here's why.

Only Honeywell designs, builds, installs, maintains all these control systems

Only Honeywell devotes an entire factory to making central control panels, one evidence of its leadership.

Only Honeywell manufactures the panel and all equipment used on it.

Only Honeywell makes all 3 types of control systems—electronic, electric and pneumatic. So Honeywell automation specialists are free to advise any type or combination that's best for you.

Honeywell miniaturization saves costly floor space

If you've seen some control panels, you may have demurred at their size. Honeywell miniaturization makes huge panels unnecessary in your building today.

Honeywell's Selectographic® DataCenter takes little more space than a desk. From this console, one man can supervise air conditioning of a 40-story building.

In a typical large building where conventional panels would need about 1,200 sq. ft., the Selectographic uses only 200.

At building costs of \$15-\$30 a sq. ft., space for a conventional panel would cost about \$15,000-\$30,000 more than it would for the Honeywell Selectographic. At a \$3-\$8 rental value, it saves space worth \$3,000-\$8,000 a year or \$120,000-\$320,000 over the building's 40-year life.



Other Honeywell advances slash wiring costs. In a typical building, Honeywell's Multiplexer relay system reduced the number of wires needed by 79%.

Another Honeywell control is capable of checking 100 points in 3 seconds, reports anything off-normal. How fast could a man do it?

If you need continuous indication of variables, Honeywell has it. Automatic data logging? Honeywell has it. System analyzers? Honeywell has them. A lease-purchase plan? Honeywell has it. And if you want a definitely budgetable maintenance cost with no surprises to upset you, Honeywell offers that, too.

Automation simplified by single responsibility

Honeywell will work with you or your architect or engineer to analyze what services you may want to automate, what will pay off quickly, what services are on the fringe or beyond it.

Then we'll help design your system, manufacture the equipment, install it, supervise start-up. And then contract to maintain it in a package including periodic inspection, emergency service, parts and replacement.

All guaranteed by Honeywell—with one company accepting total responsibility!

Ask about an automation analysis of your building

How do you start? Our systems engineers will work with you or your consultants to make a documented analysis of your building if a preliminary check indicates further automation may be profitable for you. Whether you're building or modernizing, call on Honeywell for counsel—without obligation. Phone your nearest Honeywell office, check coupon, or write W. N. Wray, Honeywell, Minneapolis 8, Minn. (In Canada, write Honeywell Controls Ltd., Toronto 17.)



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COUNTDOWN ON MAIN STREET

A doctor's early morning call has little in common with the excitement of a space vehicle launching, yet the very research that helps put a man into space can help a doctor help you.

A chemical developed for rocket fuels led to a drug for tuberculosis. A smaller, more efficient, electrocardiograph originated with space research. An electronic computer can help a doctor make a quicker diagnosis. A filter developed for a missile-guidance system eliminates static in medical equipment used for brain-wave diagnosis.

Yet, important as they are, these scientific achievements are only early benefits from America's space program—the most demanding challenge ever faced by the combined forces of government, science, and industry in peace time.

And its benefits are equal to its demands.

The goal of America's space program is not only to put a man on the moon...but to reach beyond our time for goals not yet known to us.

For from that reaching will come the knowledge that can better the lives of all.

Dedicated to this reaching is a new kind of company—the space-age company. North American Aviation, one of the leaders in this scientific revolution, is at work in many fields of the future including atomic energy, electronics, life sciences, aviation, space exploration, and rocketry.

The engineers and scientists at NAA are expanding virtually every field of science known to man. They are working to advance the Free World's scientific knowledge... knowledge that can turn the journey to space into milestones of human progress.

NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION



NAA is at work in the fields of the future through these six divisions: Atomics International, Autonetics, Columbus, Los Angeles, Rocketdyne, Space & Information Systems

U.S. BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

The Noble Consumer

Economists carefully measure the behavior of the consumer, and with good reason: consumer spending soaks up two-thirds of the nation's entire output. In 1963 the consumer is even more important than usual. Capital spending by business, one of the prime necessities of an economic upturn, has yet to increase significantly beyond its 1957 level. Government spending will probably be held down by the sharp political reaction to the threat of a large federal deficit. Industrial production has slid off the peak it reached last September, and in January just managed to equal December's performance. Any strong economic advance in 1963 will have to originate somewhere else, and many economists feel that the consumer is the only one left to start it.

So far, the consumer has behaved nobly. With his income at an all-time high, he has continued to spend 92% of all he earns after taxes, and has gone into debt to the extent of 14% of his net earnings—very near the point at which economists figure he begins to stop spending until his bills are paid. In fact, economists credit the consumer with having averted a business downturn by going on a spending spurge at the end of 1962. Autos are still the biggest beneficiary of that spurge, and sales in the first third of February ran 12% ahead of last year. Sales of radios, television sets and furniture are also rising and have helped to lift total retail sales for the first week of February to 6% above last year.

While pleased with this performance,

economists feel that consumer spending must rise even faster than the 4% a year it has been rising, if it is to act as the catalyst for a strong economic advance. The reason: industry's present capacity has been more than enough to handle the consumer's spending rise up to now; capital spending and industrial production are not likely to rise much without even bigger consumer spending. Thus, economists who feel that the consumer needs a new stimulus count heavily on the tax cut that, to judge by public opinion polls, the consumer is leery of.

SERVICES

Embarrassment Is Wonderful

Aside from the U.S. Treasury, the only group that stands to profit from the Internal Revenue Service's new ruling on expense account spending is the nation's credit card companies. Already a \$425 million-a-year business, the card companies—led by Diners' Club, American Express, and Carte Blanche—hope to grow still bigger by trading on an unusual commodity: embarrassment. Since IRS Commissioner Mortimer Caplin has ruled that expense account items for entertainment costing \$25 or more must be substantiated, they are counting on businessmen to avoid the unpleasantness of asking for a receipt in front of guests by flashing a credit card; the receipt for the billing serves the customer as evidence of the expenditure. Even in the unlikely event that businessmen are less subject to embarrassment than they expect, the card companies, after difficult beginnings, have finally begun to make for themselves what they set out to abolish—cash.

Bill Dodgers. The card that has had the hardest struggle is the Hilton Credit Corp.'s Carte Blanche, known in the trade as "Carte Rouge" for its steady deficits. Beginning operations in 1959 after its two competitors had already started, Carte Blanche imprudently handed out cards to poor credit risks, ended up with an inordinate number of bill dodgers. In a rescue operation two years ago, Conrad Hilton eased his son Barron out of the presidency, replaced him with veteran Hotelman Benno M. Bechhold, 60. Bechhold weeded out poor risks, cut the number of cardholders by 100,000 (current membership: 425,000) and installed an IBM 1401 computer to speed up billing operations. As a result, Carte Blanche earned \$900,000 on billings of \$58.7 million for the first nine months of its present fiscal year.

American Express (\$90,000 cardholders) and Diners' Club (1,250,000) have also profited by tightening up their operations. Though its earnings are buried within Amexco's overall figures, Amexco's credit card last year turned its first profit since starting five years ago, had billings of \$180 million. For its current business year, Diners' Club will probably show



STEPHEN FRISCH

CREDIT LUNCH IN SAN FRANCISCO
Avoiding unpleasantness—and rouge.

earnings of about \$2,000,000 on billings of \$200 million. Both companies have cut thousands of poor risks from their rolls, and Amexco has installed a sophisticated data processing system that sends out not only bills but prompt reminders to overdue accounts to pay up or else.

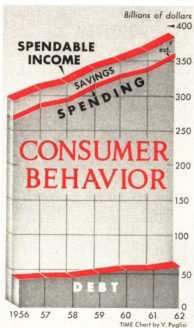
Unwitting Help. Since the IRS ruling was announced in November, applications have risen 40% for Diners' Club cards, 17% for Amexco cards. Applications for Carte Blanche have jumped 50% so far this month. And though many credit card industry executives had feared that businessmen would spend less with the Government looking over their shoulders, the average individual tab charged on Amexco cards in January climbed \$1 to \$23. Apparently, Mortimer Caplin has unwittingly helped the credit card industry to convince only too willing Americans that living on the card as well as on the cuff is the proper way to do business.

TAXES

More, Not Less

When the Kennedy Administration first put forth its plan for a corporate tax cut, the proposal was widely hailed as a stimulant that would give businessmen extra money for expansion. Last week, after corporate treasurers had run the proposals through their computers, some businessmen found to their dismay that they would get none of the benefits until 1966—and would, in fact, be paying more annual taxes until then.

Businessmen naturally find no fault with the Administration's proposal to reduce corporate taxes from 52% to 47% over three years. They are concerned by the effort to link the cut with a speedup of tax payments by corporations, so that the Treasury can collect all its taxes in the year they are earned. The speedup will



TIME Chart by Y. Pugh

make federal budgeting easier and give Government economists a quicker and more dependable reading of the economy. But its immediate effect on major companies, which pay 80% of all corporate taxes, will be a heavier tax burden.

The heavier payments are the result of the complicated shuffle of tax payments necessary to adjust to the speedup. Under present rules, corporations do not begin paying taxes on the current year until September, and then continue paying them in quarterly installments through June of the following year. Under the new system, corporations will estimate their annual tax bill in April and make their first payment then; by year's end all the installments will have been paid. If the shift were made suddenly from the

SHIPPING

Breach in the Dike

A squat little Japanese freighter, the *Taian Maru*, churned through the Pacific last week on a historic journey. On its way from Coos Bay, Ore., to Puerto Rico with a load of Pacific Northwest lumber, the *Taian Maru* is the first foreign flag ship in more than four decades to carry cargo from one U.S. port to another.

Since 1920 the Jones Act, designed to preserve the U.S. coastwise fleet so that it will be available during national emergencies, has awarded all trade between U.S. ports to American ships, regardless of the higher cost to U.S. shippers. The consequences to the Northwest's lumber industry have been disastrous (TIME, Oct. 26).



"TAIAN MARU" LOADING LUMBER AT COOS BAY
Amid the rejoicing, a chill.

ALLAN DELEY

old to the new system, it would cause a doubling up of payments, raising the tax burden of corporations 50% in one year. The Administration thus proposes to stretch the transition over five years, but it cannot avoid the overlapping of payments from one year to the next.

Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon admits that in 1964 corporations with tax bills of more than \$100,000 will pay 5% more tax (and give a \$1.3 billion windfall to the Treasury). But he argues that corporations have already set the money aside in special funds for taxes, and would not in any case have spent the money for anything else. Many companies do not fit this model; they keep their tax money working in their businesses and borrow whatever they need to pay their tax installments. For them the speedup forces a choice of either borrowing more to make their payments—thus straining their credit ratings—or cutting into the working capital they need to operate their businesses. Either way, the tax "cut" will hardly put them in an immediate position to aid the economy with heavier capital spending.

Canadian lumbermen using lower-cost foreign ships walked away with U.S. lumbermen's East Coast business, and Canadian softwood lumber exports to Puerto Rico have increased seventyfold since 1951 while the Pacific Northwest's share shriveled to nothing. Finally, in a desperation move to save the lumber industry, Congress last year amended the Jones Act to allow lumber to go to Puerto Rico on foreign bottoms for a one-year trial period.

Matter of Time. While lumbermen rejoiced, a chill went through U.S. shipowners. "This is the first breach in the dike," said Pacific Maritime Association President J. Paul St. Sure. Shipping men fear that it is just a matter of time before other industries—sugar, newsprint, iron and steel pipe, petroleum—try for the same concessions. Yet shipowners know that the Jones Act has failed miserably in its effort to isolate U.S. shipping from the inevitable tides of economics. Through the years, the cost of replacing ships with new ones built in the U.S. (required by the Jones Act to aid U.S.

shipyards) has risen until it is twice that of building a Japanese ship. And low-wage foreign flag vessels operate for about \$800 a day v. a U.S. ship's \$1,000. Small wonder the *Taian Maru* is hauling the Coos Bay shipment for \$40 per 1,000 board feet—\$17 less than the lowest U.S. bid.

Adding to U.S. shippers' woes, trucks and trains have stepped in with more convenient and sometimes lower-cost service. Result: since 1938 the number of dry-cargo ships running between U.S. ports has dropped from 379 to 100, and the number of tankers—which are feeling the competition of pipelines and oil imports—from 266 to 207. Last year such venerable lines as Luckenbach and Pope Talbot dropped out of intercoastal business altogether.

Piggyback by Sea. Some shipowners argue pessimistically that nothing can save the coastwise fleet from extinction; others, insisting that it must be saved for reasons of national defense, advocate direct Government subsidies. But more than half the U.S. ships in overseas trade are already on subsidy to the tune of \$300 million to keep them competitive with low-wage foreign flag vessels, and that has not prevented a steady decline in the fleet—from 933 to 542 in ten years.

A solution more in line with economic realities seems to lie in the new highly efficient ships of McLean Industries' Sea-Land Shipping Service. Its ships piggyback up to 476 neatly stacked highway truck trailers (it has its own fleet of 5,000 truck tractors and 8,000 trailers) to ports along the East Coast, drop them off in a sixth of the time that it takes to unload a normal ship. Sea-Land converted its first ship to take trailers in 1956, now has 13 converted, all operating at a profit. Such ships represent an early step toward the millennium envisioned by starry-eyed marine architects, when nearly crewless, automated ships will sail the oceans.

CORPORATIONS

The V.I. Pea

Men have rhapsodized about truffles and caviar, but few have been inspired to sing the praises of the lowly pea. One exception is Author Max (Barefoot Boy) Shulman, who has not only written a song about pea picking but speaks poetically of the peas' earthly journey toward "their succulent destinies." The reason for Shulman's enthusiasm is that while in college he worked as a pea picker for the Green Giant Co. of Le Sueur, Minn., where the pea is king. Green Giant is the U.S.'s largest canner of peas and corn, with 22 processing plants in eight states and two in Canada. In the last decade, it has raised its sales from \$46 million to more than \$75 million, increased earnings to \$2,300,000, expanded to 38 products. It is also moving into frozen foods and embarking on a program aimed at putting its products on European dinner tables.

Founded in 1903 by Le Sueur merchants who wanted to stimulate the town's tired economy, the company started with a single product—corn—and did not add

This announcement is not an offer of securities for sale or a solicitation of an offer to buy securities.

New Issue

February 15, 1965

\$100,000,000

Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority

Narrows Bridge Revenue Bonds, Third Series

Interest exempt, in the opinion of Messrs. Hawkins, Delafield & Wood and of Messrs. Sullivan & Cromwell, bond counsel to the Authority and counsel to the Underwriters, respectively, under the existing statute and court decisions from Federal income taxes, and under existing statutes from New York State income tax.

\$50,000,000 3½% Bonds, due January 1, 1985

Price 100¾%

\$50,000,000 Serial Bonds maturing 1970 through 1978

Priced to yield from 2.60% to 3.20%

Accrued interest from January 1, 1963 is to be added to the prices.

Copies of the Circular dated February 14, 1965, which contains further information, including the Official Statement of the Authority, may be obtained from each of the undersigned at any legally offer these securities under applicable securities laws. The undersigned are among the Underwriters.

Dillon, Read & Co. Inc.

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GREEN GIANT

CANNER FELTON

For the deep freeze, a scarf.

peas to its line until 1907. Cautiously, it added asparagus in 1939, waited another 19 years before putting beans on the market. Only recently has Green Giant hopped boldly into new products. "There is just so much market for canned peas and corn in this world," says President Lurton Eugene Felton, 63, "and we were so concentrated, we were vulnerable." So diversified has the company's line become that even the scantily clad jolly green giant adorning its products has had to vary his appearance: on frozen food boxes, he wears a scarf.

"It Sounds Silly." Although dwarfed by other industry heavyweights, Green Giant has regularly harvested a profit every year since 1932, largely because it coddles all its vegetables as it does its tiny pet, the pea. Green Giant's peas are planted with great care somewhere among the company's 175,000 acres across the U.S. (which make Green Giant rank among the five largest U.S. farmers). Their development is zealously checked against "maturity guide charts," unique documents that are considered the company's secret weapon. To ensure a uniform pea, whether it is grown in Wisconsin or Washington, sugar content, size and color must meet the charts' stringent standards.

With the help of the charts and the company's own meteorologists, field supervisors can predict far in advance almost the exact hour when the peas have reached their point of destiny. Then, loud whistles send workers scrambling into the fields at any hour to harvest the crop. "It sounds silly," admits a Green Giant officer, "but if we figure the peas should be picked at 10 o'clock Sunday night, that is when we start picking." Later, quality-control men count the loose skins in cans—rejecting those with too many—and make an "organoleptic" test in which they bite sample peas, taste, swallow and, hopefully, like them.

Still Loyal. Green Giant couples its dedication to quality control with a devotion to earnings. President Felton, former accountant, has installed "profit di-

rectors" for each major commodity to do little else than devise means for making more money. He also makes good use of the company's appealing trademark, the jovial giant who stands with his feet planted in the harvest fields. The image, on which Green Giant spends \$8,000,000 a year in advertising and promotion, makes customers smile—and stockholders too. Because of new diversification, Felton looks for a big profit jump once the frozen food line and other new products are better established. But while it moves into mushroom sauce and other more sophisticated fare, the company is still loyal to its early love. As long as there is a Green Giant, says Felton, there will always be a pampered pea.

The Site Finders

The chateau dwellers in France's Loire River Valley, the vegetable dealers in London's Covent Garden and the truck assembly-line workers in Hagerstown, Md., probably have no idea of how closely their lives are linked to a New York and Chicago firm called the Fantus Co. Fantus is the world's largest and busiest company devoted to an increasingly important specialty: searching out new plant sites for corporations and advising job-starved towns on what sort of new industries they are best suited to attract. Last week it started work on the most far-reaching project in its 42-year history: a year-long study to determine the industries that should be located along a 400-mile stretch of the twisting Loire River and its tributary, the Cher, which France plans to develop with a \$1.2 billion TVA-style project.

Fantus has pinpointed sites for 2,500 plants employing more than 1,000,000 workers. In 1962 it conducted 250 plant-site studies in the U.S. and Europe that resulted in ground breaking for 70 new plants worth \$100 million. Last month it submitted a report to the British recommending a new site for the historic Covent Garden produce market, which long ago outgrew its location among London's congested streets.

Watch the Lingerie. Fantus was set up in Chicago by Chair Manufacturer Felix Fantus, who found the job of finding a new location for his Indiana plant so complicated that he decided that he might make more money in selling industrial real estate. The firm stopped handling real estate in 1935 after Fantus' son-in-law and partner, Leonard Yaseen, saw a bigger future in selling site-finding expertise than in peddling land. Yaseen, 50, now runs the company's New York office while another Fantus son-in-law, Maurice Fulton, 42, heads the Chicago operation. Fantus now has branches in London and Brussels, and may soon set up new ones in Italy and Rio de Janeiro.

The Fantus search for a factory site begins in rows of grey filing cabinets jammed with information about every likely U.S. community. Then Fantus agents, frequently including Yaseen or Fulton themselves, prowled through the most promising cities, trying to keep their

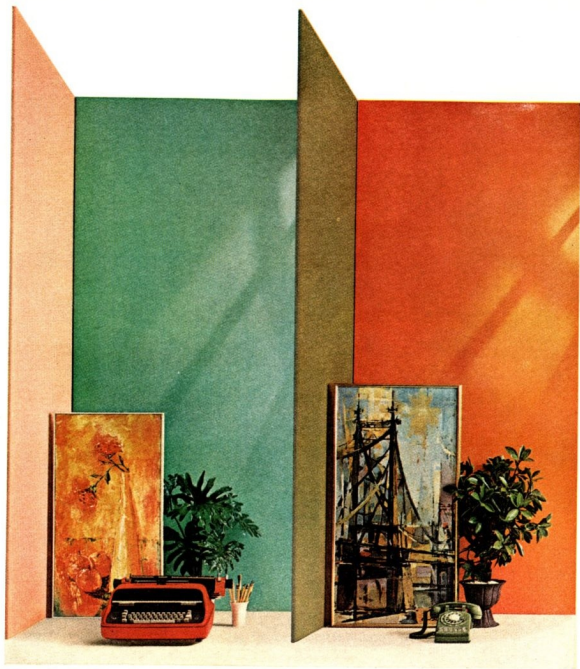
presence unknown. Besides looking for the resources and land their client needs, they check on civic attitudes and going wage rates, look over the school system to see if the town is forward-looking. They even make a point of finding out whether the local stores sell expensive or cheap lingerie, considering this an excellent way of determining whether the workers are upgrading their tastes and are thus more likely to pressure constantly for wage raises.

Truth with Wisdom. Fantus' blue-chip client list includes such names as Ford, General Electric, General Foods, Westinghouse and Anaconda. The company found Hershey Chocolate a suitable Canadian site ("I even went out and counted cows to make sure there was enough milk for their candy," says Fulton) and eliminated 45 locations before setting Sara Lee Bakeries down just a few miles from where it had been. When Fulton brought Rockwell Manufacturing Co. to Tupelo, Miss., the town was so grateful that it named a street after him. In recent years Fantus has expanded into surveying areas to see what sort of industry they can use. When Cambridge, Md., proved to have nearly everything needed to make chop suey, Fantus found it a new resident in Chun King Corp. The Fantus report on Evansville, Ind., so strongly criticized the town's attitude ("Evansville people resent anyone in power . . . politics is a dirty word") that it inspired civic reform and later enabled the city to attract new plants.

For the \$80,000 study of the Loire Valley, Fantus will only recommend the types of industries that should be located at various spots, and the French will find the companies. But for worried tourists who picture factory smokestacks raining soot on scenic chateaus, Yaseen has a word of comfort. "It might make economic sense to put a steel factory next to a chateau," he says, "but it would not make sociological sense. We will have to balance truth with wisdom."



FANTUS' FULTON & YASEEN
For a tip-off, lingerie.



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I couldn't make
a good martini."*

"How did you...?"

*"The gin, my love.
Look at the gin."*

Yes, look at the gin.
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WORLD BUSINESS

COMMON MARKET

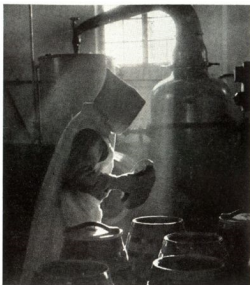
The Barriers Within

While tariff walls fall within Europe's Common Market, new barriers often rise to replace them. Suddenly exposed to an influx of their neighbors' goods that offers stronger competition to local products, the members of the Six have found ingenious and devious ways to hamper their economic rivals and counter the spirit of free trade that prompted the establishment of the Common Market six years ago. Everyone, of course, blames the other fellow, and accusations of wenseling or violations of law can be heard in every member nation.

Last week Common Market officials, eager to eliminate arbitrary and *sub rosa* barriers to trade, welcomed a breakthrough in "the Gingerbread Case." The Belgian government announced that it will halve the levy on imported gingerbread to 70¢ per 100 kilos, the charge before the Common Market was set up. Belgium's gingerbread imports amount to a bare \$66,000 a year, but the decision set a significant precedent, for it was the result of a European Justice Court ruling that Belgium's gingerbread levy was punitive—the first such ruling. This week the European Economic Community is holding a meeting of the Six in Brussels to discuss 150 obstacles to competition that have cropped up so far—and the means to eliminate them.

Great Caramel War. Common Market nations, forced to work for the elimination of tariffs among themselves, seek to get around it through fees and customs levies. The Rome Treaty ruled out limitations on trade, but in Article 226 gave member nations the right to ask for temporary protection where specific industries are imperiled. The Six have all been notably quick to take advantage of the escape clause. In "the Refrigerator War," France last month imposed a 12% duty on an increasing influx of the cheaper Italian product. And in what has come to be known as "the Great Caramel War," German candy manufacturers won tariff protection against French candy makers after caramel imports by Germany had jumped 516% in three years. Similarly, France managed to get tariff extensions to slow down imports of German transistors. Italy was allowed to protect its lead, zinc, sulphur and silk industries. And the three Benelux nations got a six-month respite on penicillin imports from elsewhere in the Common Market.

Protection for home industries does not always take the form of relief under Article 226. Though tariffs are on the way out, the Europeans can still collect import taxes on one another's goods—and do. They also help their own industries to compete by imposing "turnover taxes" on imported goods or by giving exporters generous tax rebates on domestic turnover taxes. Opportunities for legal chican-



CARTHUSIAN MAKING CHARTREUSE

ery are many. The Italians often estimate the value of imported products above actual value to make taxes on them much higher than on locally produced goods. They also demand no fewer than 27 government forms, 105 signatures and 75 stamps for each imported automobile.

Subtle Warfare. France and Italy have a "special tariff-stamp duty" that amounts to a 3% surtax, and other nations require various fees to be paid to all sorts of inspectors and checkers. Stiff inspections of imports are common and, not surprisingly, often involve an importer in differences of sanitary or safety codes. Whenever Italian espresso machines arrive, French inspectors have a heyday with France's strict code for compression machines, have managed to stem the flow of the Italian imports.

Since there are not yet any Common Market regulations for wine, that European necessity is also the subject of some subtle warfare. The French recently took new steps to restrict the brandy raw material that the German wine industry needs to make its own brandy, and German champagne makers are worried about a French drive to classify as "quality" champagne only that grown, processed and bottled on the same site—a move that would disqualify the grape-importing Germans and rob them of a 37.5¢-a-bottle tariff protection. To protect its grape growers, Belgium last summer let wagonloads of French and Italian grapes rot on its border while Belgian inspectors all too carefully checked the licenses of the importers. But the French got back at Belgium: by slowing up licenses with as much red tape as possible, they effectively kept Belgian chocolate out of France during the pre-Christmas season, when the sweets industry does most of its trade.



ANGOSTURANS & HIDEAWAY



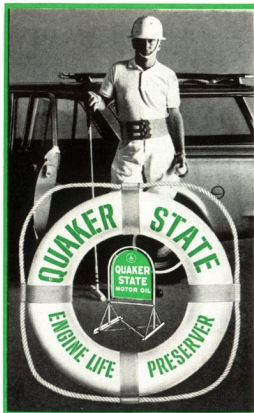
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MARKETING & SELLING

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proportions defy successful analysis by such modern techniques as chromatography and infra-red spectrum analysis.

► France's Chanel No. 5, a sexy blend of musk, Bulgarian rosebuds and 100 other essences that has become the world's best-known perfume on the basis of the secret discovered in 1920 by French Chemist Ernest Beaux.

► Trinidad's Angostura Bitters, brewed originally at the Orinoco River town of Angostura (now Ciudad Bolívar) by an ex-Prussian army surgeon named J.G.B. Siegert, and now shipped around the world from Port of Spain in millions of bottles containing a sauce whose secret, boasts the company, is "as hard to fathom as Mona Lisa's smile."¹⁰

► Lea & Perrins' Worcestershire Sauce, first concocted in 1837 from a recipe brought out of India by the third Baron Sandys, and for years the world's best-known meat sauce.

Many of the secret formulas evolved by accident or were intended for other uses than they are put to today. Angostura Bitters were first brewed as a remedy for tropical stomach disorders and an antidote for scurvy. Coca-Cola began as a headache remedy. Biotherm, a popular European secret beauty preparation that is now spreading to U.S. cosmetic counters, was born when a French physician discovered plankton on the water of his sulphur bath at Aix-les-Bains. The first four-gallon barrel of Worcestershire sauce brewed up in Lea & Perrins' chemist shop tasted so bad that it was relegated to the cellar; only later was it retasted and found appealing (the length of time it sat is part of Lea & Perrins' secret).

Whatever its origin, each product has found such popular appeal that shrewd owners take elaborate pains to maintain and exploit their secrecy. The Angostura formula is brewed twice weekly in 10,000 gallon batches in a labyrinthine "secret room." Employees at Pimm's, Ltd., the makers of a secret gin sling (Pimm's Cup) whipped up in the 1850s by a London chop-house bartender, are forced to take a company loyalty oath. Only four Carthusian monks know the formula for Chartreuse, and travel between monasteries to make it. The ingredients for Coke's basic 7-X formula are ordered from separate suppliers in undisclosed quantities, and the formula is kept in a bank vault and in the heads of Chief Chemist Orville May and one assistant, Competing Dr. Pepper, also made from a secret formula, never allows the four executives who know it to fly on the same airplane. At Italy's Campari distillery, where Campari bitters are made for export to 97 countries, only one chemist knows how much of each ingredient is weighed out.

Such security measures seem ridiculous to some, but the formula companies have the facts and figures to prove that they pay off. Coca-Cola values its secret formula (along with trademarks) at \$43 million,

* A smile that 37,000 people lined up to see at Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum on a cold day last week as bitter as Angostura.

The Big Walk

The President recently wondered if today's marines could march 50 miles in 20 hours, as Teddy Roosevelt had ordered they should, in 1908. He probably wishes he could stir Congress or De Gaulle into action as easily—or as eagerly. For his query has clearly set the country moving again—at a brisk walk.

LIFE this week takes a close look at the hikers, including boy scouts, a Minneapolis outing club, Bobby Kennedy, and a doughty marine general who nearly lost his right leg on Saipan, yet finished ninth in a 50 mile march at Camp Lejeune.

There's also some cogent advice from Paul Dudley White, renowned heart specialist and longtime advocate of walking. While walkers should train up to long hikes gradually, Dr. White feels there is little danger if they don't. "Fortunately," he says, "their leg muscles will give out before their hearts will."

LIFE

Fitness fans afoot; pleasure-seekers afloat; researchers in space; every week LIFE focuses on the changing and challenging moods and movements of the world we live in. Reporting like this has a magnetic attraction for people who care. People you like to talk to read LIFE.



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ADVISER LEVY

Through troubled waters, the middle course.



SULTAN OF BRUNEI

and many other companies feel that the worth of their secret is greater than the net value of their companies. Sales of such products are sizable, while near-miss competitors fail. At the Angostura office in Port of Spain, the Siegert family has an elaborate display making that point. It shows more than 100 brands of bitters that over the years tried to match the real Angostura in taste and bottle, and in each case failed and faded away.

CONSULTANTS

The Oil Talker

The flyspeck country of Brunei, perched on the northwest coast of Borneo, is a place long on intrigue, corruption and scrapping. Besides these normal excitements, Brunei has another concern these days: the steadily declining crude production in its privately owned oilfields. Dependent on petroleum, Brunei's economy is wobbly and in need of more oil income than it is now getting. To arrange a transfusion, Brunei turned to a man whose well of oil knowledge made his choice natural—Walter James Levy, 51, a New York petroleum consultant.

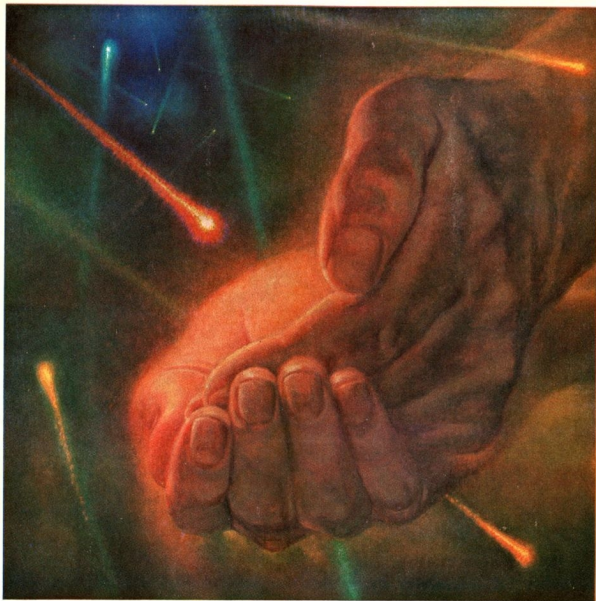
Delicate Art. Last week in London, Levy sat in on talks between Brunei Shell Petroleum Co. Ltd. and the Brunei government designed to give Brunei a larger slice of revenue from private oil production (1962 daily output: 85,000 bbl.). Levy merely observed; by the time the delicate negotiations began, he had already given his client, His Highness Sultan Sir Omar Ali Saifuddin, "disinterested advice" about what he considered a fair price for both parties.

Levy's record in the delicate art of advising has been marked by steady successes. The son of a Hamburg lawyer, he fled Hitler's Germany in 1937 and landed a job on a petroleum publication in London. By feverish effort, he learned the tangled ramifications of world oil, emigrating to the U.S. in 1941. There, his

talents won him a presidential citation for work as a wartime Government adviser. One achievement: pinpointing Nazi oil targets for the Air Force by tedious study of German railroad freight rate reductions. In postwar assignments he had a key role in charting U.S. oil policy, and opened his own one-man consulting service in 1949. His counsel has been sought by almost all major U.S. oil companies, including Caltex, Sinclair, Atlantic Refining and Socony, as well as by foreign firms and rulers.

Take It or Leave It. To walk the tight rope between private enterprise and government—and keep both happy—requires a delicate sense of balance, Levy has it. Speaking with an arresting German-Oxford accent, he can be as blunt in personal conversation as he is careful when it comes to delivering voluminous written reports for a potentate or an oil magnate. His ability to steer a middle course through the troubled waters of oil disputes has landed him as consultant in such hot spots as Suez and Iran. In 1959, he met privately with India's Prime Minister Nehru, tried to prevent him from being too ambitious in exploring for petroleum with Indian money. Said Levy: "For every oil well you drill, 1,000 Indians will have to go without an education. Your resources are inadequate to do everything you want. So let foreign interests do the drilling." Levy's advice helped to temper Indian policy.

Roaming out of his small Manhattan office to executive suites in London and Brussels or to the oilfields of Asia and the Middle East, Levy has become a friend of sultans, shahs, sheiks and top oil executives, bringing a broad perspective to an often parochial industry. Of the intricate area in which he operates, Levy says: "I write what I think is fair to both sides in a negotiation. And I only give advice on a take-it-or-leave-it basis." Often people with big oil problems, like the Sultan of Brunei, take it.



To catch an atom...

Did you know that only one in every 140 uranium atoms found in nature can be split to produce usable nuclear energy? It takes fantastically intricate equipment to capture these elusive atoms. The people of Union Carbide are doing it in a plant at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, large enough to hold 35 football fields.

► Many people thought the uranium separation process too complex to work. For example, pumps had to be developed that run faster than the speed of sound . . . filters made with holes only two-millionths of an inch across. Union Carbide scientists and engineers not only helped design such a plant and made it work, 20 years ago, but they have been operating it ever since. Union Carbide also operates other vital nuclear energy installations for the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission. One is Oak Ridge National Laboratory, the largest nuclear research center in the country. ► To handle such big research and production jobs requires big, experienced industrial companies. It is only because of their extensive resources and skills that it is possible to take the giant steps needed to bring laboratory developments to full-scale production quickly and successfully.

A HAND IN THINGS TO COME

WRITE for the booklet, "Union Carbide's Twenty Years in Nuclear Energy."

January 18, 1963, marked the 20th anniversary of the Corporation's work at Oak Ridge.
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What to do with kids in San Francisco

*9 major attractions for minors: the places to go, the sights to see, the things to do...
when you bring the brood to America's enchanted city.*

1) **CABLE CARS.** Honest-to-goodness Toonerville Trolleys—with a roller coaster of a ride! 15¢ buys the youngsters two soaring hills, three swooping dales, countless hold-your-hat corners.

2) **AN OLD-TIME SAILING SHIP.** One of the last of the noble square-riggers, the *SS Balclutha*, late of Alaska, India and all the seven seas. Today small-fry sailors can prow! its fo'e'sle, shinny up its rigging, man its mighty wheel.

3) **A FABULOUS ZOO.** Four-footed world of everything from anteaters to zebras. There's a private island for monkeys, a puffer-bellied locomotive—even living teddy bears!

4) **A FAIRY TALE VILLAGE.** At Storyland, Mother Goose comes to life—in a ferny dell complete

with Old King Cole, Rapunzel's Castle and a wolf who looks exactly like grandma.

5) **FISHERMAN'S WHARF.** Here's where kids spy on Alcatraz through telescopes....watch the fishing fleet put to sea...clamor for turtles painted with their names. And who knows? Perhaps they'll discover that seafood *does* taste good!

6) **AN ENCHANTED PUBLIC PARK.** It's Golden Gate, the park with everything—except "Keep Off the Grass" signs. Sure fire for small fry: grazing buffalo; totem poles; an aquarium complete with sharks, recorded jungle sounds.

7) **A SCARY RIDE ABOVE THE PACIFIC.** Set out to sea—on an aerial tram that skims the surf! (P.S. Look sharp for flipped sea lions on Seal Rock.)

8) **GUIDED TOURS.** By land, a glass-domed bus takes you and the youngsters through Chinatown, past the harbor, up to the city's highest hills. By sea, excursion boats glide to the Golden Gate—and that close to Alcatraz.

9) **WELLS FARGO HISTORY ROOM.** Shootin' irons line the walls; gold nuggets shine as brightly as the day the 49'ers panned them. There's even a stagecoach complete with bullet-spattered treasure box! A must for midget Mavericks.

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CINEMA

Boo Radley Comes Out

To Kill a Mockingbird. Maycomb, Alabama, was a tired old town in the '30s. "Grass grew on the sidewalks, the courthouse sagged in the square. Somehow, it was hotter then. Ladies bathed before noon, after their three o'clock naps, and by nightfall were like soft tea-cakes with frostings of sweat and sweet talcum. People moved slowly. There was no hurry, for there was nowhere to go, nothing to buy and no money to buy it with. But it was a time of vague optimism. Maycomb County had recently been told that it had nothing to fear but fear itself."

Whoever said that was dead wrong. In her famous first novel, which won the Pulitzer Prize for 1960, Harper Lee found quite as much to fear as she found to love in Maycomb County—and by Maycomb County she obviously meant the South. Of what was fearful she framed an Alabama melodrama that etched its issues in black and white. Of what was lovable, on the other hand, she made a tomboy poem as full of hick fun as *Huck Finn*, a sensitive feminine testament to the Great American Childhood. In this film Director Robert Mulligan and Scenarist Horton Foote have translated both testament and melodrama into one of the year's most fetching and affecting pictures.

Scout (Mary Badham) is six when the story begins, and her brother Jem (Phillip Alford) is ten. Their mother is dead, and they live with their father (Gregory Peck), a lawyer named Atticus Finch. One day they hear a peculiar squeak in Miss Rachel Haverford's collar patch.

"Hey," it squeaks, and the children turn to stare at a tiny boy (John Megna) with huge buck teeth.

"Hey yourself," says Jem.

"I'm Charles Baker Harris. I can read. Thought you'd like to know. You got anything needs readin' I can do it."



BADHAM & PECK
Somebody eats raw squirrels.

"How old are you—four and a half?"

"Goin' on seven."

"Shoot, you look right puny for goin' on seven."

"I'm little," says Charles Baker Harris, "but I'm old."

He is also curious, and for hours he sits staring at the Radley place—just in case Boo Radley should come out. Boo is the village loony, and he hasn't been seen for 15 years. Never mind. Every child in town knows that he stands six foot six and has a long jagged scar on his face. His teeth are few, yellow and rotten. His eyes pop, and most of the time he drools. He eats raw squirrels and all the cats he can catch, and whenever an azalea bush dies in Maycomb everybody knows why—Boo breathed on it.

While the children are busy playing peek-a-boo, Atticus acquires a more substantial nightmare. He agrees to defend a Negro (Brock Peters) accused of assaulting a white girl. "Whuh kine a man aw yew?" the girl's father (James Anderson) snarls at Atticus. In court he proves his client's innocence, but the jury convicts the Negro anyway; and when he tries to escape, a guard shoots him dead. Nor is the nightmare ended even then. The girl's father, a vicious redneck with more whiskey in his stump than brains in his head, goes stalking Scout and Jem with murder in his mind, and one night . . . But just then Boo Radley decides to come out.

Mockingbird has nothing very profound to say about the South and its problems. Sometimes, in fact, its side-porch sociology is simply fatuous: the Negro is just too goody-good to be true, and Peck, though he is generally excellent, lays it on a bit thick at times—he seems to imagine himself the Abe Lincoln of Alabama. But the children are fine. John Megna, who played in Broadway's *All the Way Home*, has talent as well as teeth. Mary Badham and Phillip Alford, a couple of nice kids the producer found in Birmingham, don't have to act right—they just are right.

Mary, in fact, provides the best bit in the picture. Ordered by the cook to sit right down at that table young lady and eat your breakfast you're going off to school this morning whether you like it or not, the young lady drops herself into the chair as though she were dropping a dead mouse into the garbage. Then she stares at her egg as though it had hair on it. Finally she favors the cook with what is surely one of the dirtiest looks ever looked. On her, it looks hilarious. Imagine a crocodile wearing a pinafore.

Never the Twain Shall Mate

Diamond Head. Don't go away. They got race trouble in Hawaii too. But there, of course, the law is enlightened, and the position of the colored man is quite different. When he gets involved



MIMIEUX IN DREAM SCENE
Somebody wants her hand.

with a white woman, he is not condemned to death by a hostile society. Oh no. He is destroyed by God.

It does seem hard to believe, but that's what happens in this picture. Based on a bestselling novel by Peter Gilman, it tells about a Hawaiian boy (James Darren) and a Chinese cutie (France Nuyen) who get biologically involved with a couple of rich haoles (white folks) named Howland and live (but not very long) to regret it.

Darren finds it easy to possess the body of Sloan Howland (Yvette Mimieux), the klan sister of "King" Howland (Charlton Heston), a fellow who owns the best part of Kauai—and that ain't Welfare Island. But winning her hand is quite another matter. Big Brother draws the color line, and when Darren tries to cross it, he just happens to fall on a knife that Heston just happens to be holding.

No kidding, it really is an accident, and the same can be said of what happens to Nuyen. She is the King's concubine, and he loves her soft yellow skin. He just doesn't want it on any child of his. When she gets pregnant, he orders her to abort. When she refuses, he moves out. When she gives birth to the baby, she dies. It's as simple as that, and no court costs.

Actually, of course, the picture means to deplore race prejudice, but the spectator is nevertheless left with a strong suspicion that the islands are ideal for only one color: Eastman Color.

Geographical Cocktail

Monkey in Winter. When Jean Gabin gets drunk he thinks he is back in China. When Jean-Paul Belmondo gets drunk he thinks he is back in Spain. When they both get drunk in a village on the coast of Normandy the customer may sometimes wonder where in the world he is and why he isn't somewhere else. After a few hundred shots he will probably begin to giggle more or less continuously, even though he knows he will be sorry in the morning. Gabin is a merry old soak. He is also the grand old man of French films. He began his career as the Clark Gable of Gaul; he is ending it as Wallace Beery in a beret.

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BOOKS

Truth & All That

THE SERPENT AND THE ROPE (407 pp.)
—Raja Rao—Pantheon (\$5.95).

No philosophical thicket seems denser to the Western eye than Hinduism, and no country more confusing than India. In this long, densely packed novel of the intellectual and emotional odyssey of a high-caste Brahman, Indian Author Raja Rao offers an intimate look at Indian family life seen from the inside, and a sometimes illuminating, sometimes bewildering tour of the strange-blooming intricacies of Hindu thought as his hero grapples with the mundane practicalities of the West. With a novelist's illusionist skill, Rao makes it all as fascinating as a basketful of talking cobras.

Author Rao's credentials are impressive. André Malraux sought him out as a cicerone for a tour of India; Lawrence Durrell has pronounced *The Serpent and the Rope* a work "by which an age can measure itself"; and E. M. Forster, whose *Passage to India* remains the classic of Anglo-Indian intellectual commerce, has praised Rao's *Kanthapura* (not yet published in the U.S.) as perhaps the best novel in English to come out of India.

Barbarous Tribes. Rao's hero Rama is an orphan, but life for a rich Indian orphan is very crowded. He inherits, besides Little Mother (his stepmother), numerous stepisters, cousins, aunts, ancestors, household gods, pets, servants, and a system of ceremonial obligations that would burden a Byzantine bishop. Even Grandfather's horse has to be given a religious funeral (Muslim, since the horse came from Arabia), with an annual pilgrimage to the grave to add to the multitudinous ceremonies of daily life. Despite the wealth of Rama's family (they own dozens of villages), private life is all so public. Amid the sprawling infants and servants and in-laws, Uncle retires to his bedroom some five times a day and shouts loudly for Auntie.

When eventually Rama takes off for Europe to become a "holy vagabond," he has difficulty explaining himself to Europeans, let alone the Europeans to himself. But Rama does his best to embrace and smother with love the barbarous tribes of Paris, and records an impulse to lead a cow up to the altar at Notre Dame. Before long he is studying for his doctorate in southern France (Author Rao attended the University of Montpellier) and married to Madeleine, a bluestocking blonde who smells wonderfully—of thyme mostly. Soon they have a son, symbolically called Krishna, who symbolically dies.

Lecherous Eunuch. The honeymoon of East and West is over, and Rama's intellectual career runs into a terrible accident. Logic seems to be the trouble (Hindus have a system of their own, a very non-Aristotelian affair). To the Western reader, Rama—whether in conflict with a



JEAN MARQUIS

RAJA RAO

Psychoanalysis as a rope trick.

Catholic, a Communist or a Freudian—appears, in the female manner, to counter an argument with a story about something else. Rama's efforts to Orientalize Europe's recent social and intellectual history are puzzling. He may be "devoted to Truth and all that," but what are Westerners to make of his theory of Nazism and Communism, which has Hitler representing the male principle and Stalin the female? What would Freud himself make of Rama's explanation of psychoanalysis in terms of the Indian rope trick? Or Madeleine's gallant effort to see origins of the myth of the Holy Grail in the beggling bowl of an Indian holy man?



ARTHUR MCNEER

ALAN MARCUS

Ordeal as a nonswimmer.

The female majority of novel readers may enjoy being told that "to worship woman is to redeem the world." The Western male, however, may feel as mixed up as the lady who called Rama a "lecherous eunuch," and wonder about the Eastern profundities that sprinkle the book like sacred coconut in the curry. Example: "What is holiness but the assurance man has of himself?" Nor is there much help from the book's epigraph which quotes from the guru: "Waves are nothing but water. So is the sea." While conceding that it probably sounds better in Sanskrit, the bemused Westerner can only reply: "Sentences are nothing but words. So are novels."

The Self-Deluders

OF STREETS AND STARS (306 pp.)—Alan Marcus—Houghton Mifflin (\$4.50).

"At 30," says Alan Marcus, "I had no agent, I had no publisher. But I knew I was a writer." A lot of other young men of 30 know the same thing—but Marcus, it appears, was right. He is now 40, and he has spent much of the intervening decade trying to peddle his second novel to a publisher. It is everybody's good luck that he succeeded.

Of Streets and Stars is no conventional novel. It has practically no plot; it poses no dramatic questions and summons no easy answers. It is laid in Hollywood, although it is not really a Hollywood novel. It has to do with a dozen or so people whose lives touch one another only momentarily and tangentially. Their awkward collidings are sometimes funny but more often sad, because they suffer, as nonswimmers often do, from an inability to gauge the depth of the world about them.

Second Look. One nonswimmer is Miss Dora Robinson: "Miss Robinson was no beauty, you would not have looked twice. What she had to advantage was hair, wondrous chestnut, something like an October leaf in the northern climate, yet when she faced you there was only a long face, oily, with eyes two small pre-winkles, something like a parrot's beak for nose, and that huge ridiculous chin copied from a wrestler's photograph."

Miss Robinson is a stenographer in the fan-mail room of a large movie studio. In her boredom, she starts corresponding with a Minnesota farmer who has written a fan letter to one of the studio's stars, and whose main problem is that he has a harelip and can rarely make himself understood. Writing in the name of the star, she carries on the correspondence for months: "Dear Sir: As I usually do not answer letters sent to me by fans, since I get (crossed out) receive thousands, I would appreciate your keeping this note confidential . . ." Finally they meet, understand how they have duped each other and themselves, and flee shrieking in opposite directions.

Backyard Ark. There are other self-deluders: the producer whose vision of himself as a healer (dispensing Under-

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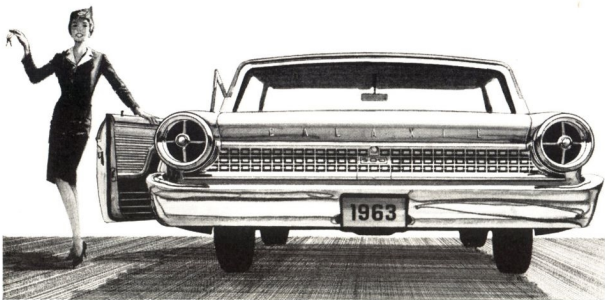
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standing through Adult Entertainment) sends "waterfalls of vanity pour[ing] through the man"; the elderly German immigrant who is so convinced that he will be the sole human survivor of nuclear attack that he builds an ark in his backyard and stocks it with animals. Author Marcus writes of them with a compassion untainted by sentimentality. Like a somewhat similar writer, Hollywood's late Nathanael West (*The Day of the Locust*), he has a quick eye and a sharp ear. Nothing finally happens to his characters; they are merely suspended before the reader for a moment in time, and they disappear into a future no more hopeful than their past. But for a few moments they stand illuminated in the light of understanding.

Seven Noes. Author Marcus would write books, he says, "if I had to put them in bottles and send them out to sea." For a while, it looked as though that was what he would have to do with *Of Streets and Stars*. After publishing a novel that nobody noticed ("It was fast, O.K., clean literary journalism, and that's all"), Marcus gave up his job as a movie scriptwriter and launched *Of Streets and Stars*. When he completed it in 1953, he sent it to seven publishers. All of them turned it down. Saul Bellow read *Streets*, liked it and peddled it to publishers on his own—with no better results. As the manuscript was passed around, Marcus was praised by writers like Harvey Swados and Archibald MacLeish, but no publisher. He stuck the manuscript in a trunk and retired with his family to Carmel Highlands, where he paid the rent with occasional screenwriting chores. Finally, in 1960, Writer Merle Armitage offered to print *Streets* at his own Manzanita Press. Two years later, one of the 600 copies run off by Armitage fell into the hands of Dorothy Parker, who gave it a glowing review in *Esquire*. After that, Armitage sold his remaining stock at \$10 a copy, and the publishers started dickering for the rights.

Author Marcus concedes that *Streets* is an unusual novel ("It's not this happened and then this happened"), but he is still not sure why publishers were so wary of it. "After all, it's not an experimental book," says he. "That's a word reserved for failures."

Home to the He-Wolf

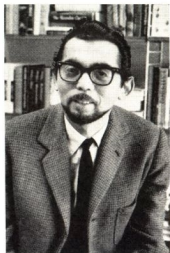
CALL OUT THE MALICIA (181 pp.)—John Anthony West—Dutton [\$3.95].

An aversion to everyday American life drove John Anthony West to the Spanish island of Ibiza, and West's first collection of short stories may convince other Americans that they should go as far. West has a way of making American amusements seem as pleasant as murder—which would be standard fare from an angry young author were it not so hilarious. For West writes in a borderland between horror and humor that leaves a reader laughing and shuddering at the same time.

What could be more fun than a boys' summer camp? West turns it into a night-

mare. Camp Oo-patik-patok, the chief counselor tells his boys, is "home to the fierce he-wolf, home to the courageous howling pack." The boys are taught wolf traits, especially an ear-splitting howl; and on the last day of camp, they take turns baying at the moon, while their proud parents look on, secure in the knowledge that camp has made their little boy just like all the other little boys, i.e., as conformist as a wolf.

Don't all wives like to fatten their husbands? Yes, says West—for the slaughter. In one of his stories, wives hold a fattest-husband-of-the-year contest. The over-stuffed husbands are hauled to a stadium in gaily draped trucks, then hoisted by



JOHN ANTHONY WEST
The winner gets eaten.

a witch to a platform, where they are weighed in turn. For a reward, the winner is cooked and eaten by the admiring assembly.

In West's most chilling story, a man is arrested for hitchhiking in the town of Chanceville, Ga. The poor fellow has two strikes against him: not only is he a New Yorker with an Italian name; he is an abstract artist to boot. When he cannot pay the fine, the beefy sheriff orders him to draw obscene nudes. When he finishes, the sheriff stops drooling, smashes all the bones in the artist's hands and knocks him senseless. Says the indignant sheriff: "That'll teach them bastards to mess around Chanceville gals."

The Love Battle

THE PRICE OF GLORY (371 pp.)—Alfred Harne—St. Martin's [\$5.95].

Around the town, in an area not much larger than a small college campus, nearly half a million men died. Under the ceaseless shelling, whole companies sometimes disappeared without a trace. Even when the dead were found and buried, it sometimes did little to combat the pervasive smell of rotting human flesh. "The shells disintegrate the bodies, then reinter them," a young French soldier wrote, "chop them



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(SEE BACK COVER)



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to pieces, play with them as a cat plays with a mouse."

Verdun was the most destructive and in many ways the most crucial battle of World War I, a war that, as its 50th anniversary nears, is just now beginning to generate in Europe the same post-mortem re-examinations that the U.S. Civil War centennial recently unleashed here. Author Alistair Horne, an ex-Guards officer and British intelligence expert, has stitched together scores of eyewitness accounts by generals and common soldiers to make vivid sense of the battle's indescribable confusion.

The battle came about largely through mischance. Initially, the Germans did not intend to take Verdun. And the French could have abandoned it in the early stages without too great a strategic loss. But soon the possession of the small provincial town on the Meuse came to be a symbol of national resistance. As a result, the fighting crept bloodily on for ten months—from Feb. 21 until late December of 1916. When it was over, Germany had lost its last chance of winning the war. The French army and France itself, Horne argues, may not even today have recovered from Verdun.

Many Villains, One Hero. Even for a generation of readers well conditioned to regard most generals as monsters of stupidity, pride and ignorance, the men on both sides who let this all come about offer a sobering spectacle. The French high command, reacting against the defensive notions that had proved so disastrous in the defeat of 1870, planned to win the war with barehanded courage. They had one formula—*attaque à l'outrance*. Artillery was neglected. Heavy machine guns were scorned. Portly "Papa" Joffre, the French commander in chief, refused to order steel helmets for his men in 1914 because he was sure the war would be over too soon for them to be of any use.

Germany's commander in chief, Erich von Falkenhayn, conceived of the Verdun battle as a device to draw in the French and "bleed their army white." He systematically refused to release reserve divisions, which on several occasions would have allowed hapless Crown Prince Wilhelm, who commanded the Verdun army, to win the battle and so bring an end to the carnage. Falkenhayn's plan specified that the French would lose three to five men for every German who fell. He died, after the war, still insisting that this is what happened, though the facts, brought to him from the battlefield and borne out by postwar checks, showed that casualties were about even on both sides.

Horne reveals the surprising small fact that Henri Philippe Pétain never said, "They shall not pass." Nevertheless, Pétain is Horne's hero. Already 58 when the war began, Pétain was deeply at odds with the attack-at-all-costs careerists in the French GHQ. One of the few generals in France who had realistically studied the uses of firepower and the rudiments of modern war, Pétain was called in by the desperate Joffre when Verdun began

to crumble. He stopped bloodily wasteful counterattacks, combed France for artillery to protect his ground forces, and succeeded in stabilizing the battle.

Later, his system of swift troop rotation—to keep the individual French divisions from being ground to pieces—was abandoned. And after a disastrous attack led by another general, half the French army rebelled. Pétain was the only man able to restore discipline to the troops, who believed that he alone, of all France's generals, was concerned for their welfare. But Pétain was a lingering emotional casualty of Verdun. Commenting on Pétain's later dishonor as President of the collaborating Vichy government in 1940, Horne sympathetically quotes the chiding of a




PÉTAIN PRINCE WILHELM
The casualties went on for two generations.

friend: "You think too much about the French and not enough about France." It is easy to see why.

Grandfather's Whiskers. Horne's book roves widely in time, is full of tiny, detailed pictures that lodge in the memory—old guides who today preside over the battlefield, collecting snails for supper in rusty German helmets; the pair of dainty feminine shoes that sat coquettishly beside Pétain's field boots outside the hotel door where his staff roused him with word that he had been offered command at Verdun.

The pressing question that Verdun raises in the minds of any reader is: How could the men who fought there have endured it so long? Horne effectively answers it with an eloquent quote from a source most military historians would have neither the temerity nor the imagination to make use of. "This Western front business couldn't be done again," F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote in *Tender Is the Night*. "You had to have a wholesale sentimental equipment going back further than you could remember. You had to remember Christmas, and postcards of the Crown Prince and his fiancée, and little cafés in Valence and beer gardens in Unter den Linden, and weddings at the Mairie . . . and your grandfather's whiskers . . . This was a love battle."



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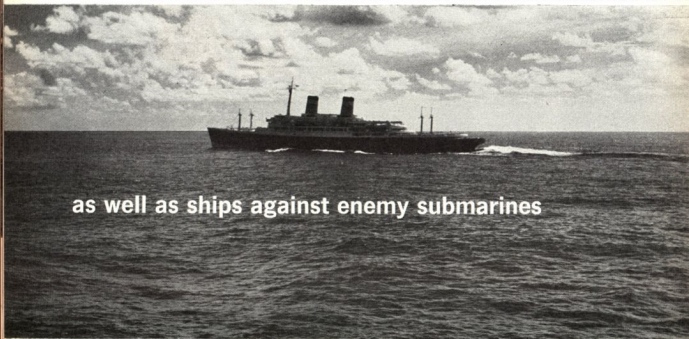
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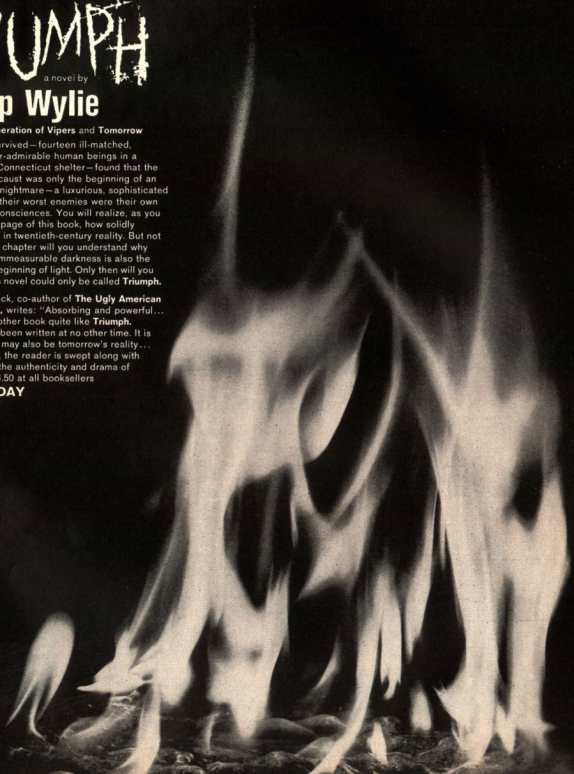
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